

DO YOU DESIRE SOMETHING NAUGHTY? COME INSIDE!

# PENTHOUSE LETTERS

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS/FEBRUARY 2012

**KINKY COUGAR**  
Locks Onto Soldier's  
**HEAT-SEEKING**  
**MISSILE**

**SENSUAL**  
**SAPPHIC**  
**SURPRISES!**

How Do You Keep  
A Wife Faithful?  
**HE THOUGHT**  
**HE KNEW**



**Video  
Inside**



w i l l s h e ?<sup>TM</sup>

THEEROTICREVIEW.COM<sup>®</sup>

THE WORLDS  
FINEST SITE  
FOR ADULT  
ENTERTAINER  
REVIEWS

our  
excellence  
rests in  
the details

United Kingdom  
Italy  
France  
Netherlands  
Germany  
Belgium  
United States  
Canada  
Japan  
Spain

Find more issues at



# PENTHOUSE LETTERS



## Contents

February 2012

### 2 SALUTATIONS

Come In And Relax  
We've got just what you need

### 4 THREE-FOR-ALL

Two's company but three's  
a party!

### 16 CARNALCOPIA

A piquant potpourri with a  
little bit of everything

### 32 LETTER OF THE MONTH

It Seems Even Bigger!  
Hooking up with a *big* old boyfriend

### 38 FEATURE

The House Sitter  
by Sienna Knight

### 44 TRUE CONFESSIONS

Broken Promise  
A vow she took revisiting her hometown

### 50 GIRL MEETS GIRL

Why fly straight when you can  
swing with gay abandon?

### 64 LOSING IT

There's a first time for  
everything—even sex

### 78 EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

All About Her  
When a girl wants what she wants

### 86 SPOTLIGHT ON KINKY COUGARS

Sometimes the great ones  
stand alone

### 98 MILF

She's hot, she's sexy, she's . . .  
a mother I'd like to fuck!



PRINTED IN CANADA

PICTURE CREDITS: Penthouse Studios cover, pages, 1, 2-3, 4-10, 12-14, 16-20, 22-26, 28, 30, 32-37, 38-43, 44-49, 50-52, 54, 56-62, 60-62, 64-68, 70-72, 74-76, 78-85, 86-97, 98-100 and 102.  
Cover girl and erotic pictorial credit: Bree Olson. To see more of Bree go to [penthouse.com](http://penthouse.com).

Copyright information located on [page 112](#)

Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaría de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedidos por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaría de educación pública.





# SALUTATIONS

Come In  
And Relax



When it comes to enjoying a good, raunchy tale of banging a smokin'-hot piece of ass, you know you can count on *Penthouse Letters* to deliver. In today's fast-paced, get-it-done-now world, it's nice to know that at the end of the grueling work day, or work night (whatever your pleasure), you can, at your leisure, find solace and kinky fun to help you unwind and let loose. Or get your motor running!

Our Three-For-All section offers several tempting tales of ménage à trois, but none more titillating than the one on [page 5](#). Oh, the fun these three have when one man's girlfriend suggests bringing her friend into their bed. Could you imagine? Would your girlfriend/wife ever suggest such a thing? No? Well then, come join the party!

This month's Letter of the Month has something special for the cuckold in you. While tied to a chair, this hubby experiences, first-hand, the dirty

dalliances of his naughty, nympho wife—and he couldn't be happier! Check out, "It Seems Bigger!"

What do you get when you take one hot, slutty girl and couple her with another hot, slutty girl? Two slutty girls who can't keep their hands, or anything else, off one another! But who would want them to? Take a peek at what goes on behind closed bathroom-stall doors when a pair of wanton women just won't be denied! It all starts in the Girl Meets Girl section, beginning on [page 50](#).

Do we stop there? Of course not! We go on and on and on, giving you letter after steamy letter telling tales of lovers doing what they want, when they want, with whomever they want. And it's all freakin' hot and nasty!

Come in, get comfortable and give yourself the pleasure you deserve.—*The Editors*





# LETTERS



## His wife likes to pose for pictures, especially with a stranger around

Myrna, my 25-year-old blonde green-eyed wife, loves posing for pictures. We have thousands of photos of her by now, in many poses, both alone and with others. We do a lot of outdoor as well as indoor shots, and I like to snap her in unusual places whenever possible.

I also get off on watching her have sex with other men, and we have many photos of that too.

Recently we spent an afternoon picnicking in the woods, and since I always have a camera with me, we decided take some impromptu shots.

After I had snapped several pictures, I suddenly noticed that we weren't alone. A man in his late 40s, who had evidently been walking his dog, was standing at the edge of the tree line, watching us. Myrna saw him too, and I could tell she was excited by being watched by a stranger, because she began posing in more adventurous and erotic ways. She started flashing her panties, then pulling down the top of her dress to expose her nipples. I wasn't about to stop her, so I just kept snapping away.

When I looked again I saw that the guy had come a little closer and was now only about 20 yards away. Then my wife surprised me by motioning for him to come over to us.



He paused only to tie his dog to a tree before approaching us. After saying hello he told us his name was Zach. He then remarked that I was a very lucky man to have such a hot and sexy wife. After that he sat down on the grass to watch us.

It was obvious that having a strange man watching her so closely was really turning Myrna on, and she became even more daring with her poses, baring her

tits, pulling at her nipples and even removing her panties and pulling up her skirt to reveal her clean-shaven pussy.

I could soon see that Zach had a huge hard-on in his pants, and so did I. I continued taking pictures, until at one point Zach boldly leaned over and started to lick my wife's nipples, at the same time caressing her thighs. Myrna was startled at first, but she quickly relaxed and let her

legs fall open to fully expose her pussy, which glistened with her juices in the warm sun.

I got between her legs then to lick her wet pussy, using my fingers as well to pleasure her to orgasm. When I paused to glance up, I saw that Zach now had his cock out and was pointing it at my wife's mouth. She swiftly took it in and began frantically sucking him off. This was too much for me, and I released my own cock, then moved up to offer that to her as well. For a few minutes she sucked us both, alternating between us, until Zach moved down her body and spread her legs wide again so he could enter her hot cunt.

The sight of my wife being fucked by this stranger quickly sent me over the edge, and I sent jets of come down her throat, which she swallowed as best she could. A minute later I saw her stomach tightening and knew she was climaxing too. I put my hands on her tits and squeezed her hard nipples between my fingers.

Zach's breathing sped up, and suddenly he withdrew with a gasp, aimed his cock at her clit and pumped several strong spurts of jism over her pussy before wiping the last trickles off on her inner thigh. After that he thanked us and quickly left, taking his dog along.

It was probably the most interesting picnic we've ever had.—M.G., Green Bay, Wisconsin



### His girlfriend makes him an offer he can't refuse—another girl

My girlfriend Nina likes to show off what the good lord blessed her with, and she often dresses in a way that makes all the guys she passes stare at her, and sometimes stop what they're doing and follow her just to get a closer look. Once we went to the beach and she walked down the boardwalk in a pair of pink shorts that exposed about half of her ass cheeks, and a red bikini top that barely covered her breasts. By the time we got to the beach at least 10 guys were following us. She did that just to show me that she could.

Nina has an outstanding smile and dark green bedroom eyes. Her long shiny black hair is beautiful, and her breasts are big, firm and luscious. I love how her nipples stand up so proudly when she's excited. Every time she enters a wet T-shirt contest, she wins.

She loves it when I tease her nipples into erection and they get like hard little erasers. I start nibbling on them, sucking and licking, rolling them between my teeth, and when she begins moaning and whimpering I move down to her wet, eager pussy. It looks so sweet it reminds me of a peach, small and round, with just a little fuzz on it, and a crack running down the middle. She loves the way I bring her to climax when I munch on that sweet juicy cunt.

She also likes to sit on top of my rock-hard cock and slowly work her way down the length of my pole. Once she gets it in her she starts pounding her pussy up and down the length of it. She always says that it's

friend at a certain restaurant that night at eight o'clock.

I got to the place about 10 minutes early, but Nina had not arrived. I got a table in the dining room and ordered a drink. The waitress was friendly and very

my table and told me that Nina had just called her to say she was running late, and that she should keep me company. As I stared at her she explained that she was Nina's friend, the one Nina wanted me to meet.



so big she can barely take it all in, but she does, and soon she is screaming with enjoyment as her pussy starts quivering and she comes about three times in a row, all over my rigid dick.

Last week Nina asked me if I wanted to try something new. She said she would invite one of her girlfriends to join us for a night of passion. Of course I said that sounded great, and the next day she called me and told me to meet her and her

cute. She had long blonde hair and long curvy legs. When she bent forward to take my order, her loose-fitting top fell away, showing me the nicest pair of tits I have ever seen. When she straightened up she saw where my eyes were staring. "Do you like what you see?" she asked, and I replied that I did, very much.

She went off to get my drink then, and when she came back she sat down at

She said her name was Alicia, and her shift would be over in a few minutes.

Alicia was a beautiful young lady, with her long blonde hair and deep sultry blue eyes, and a flawless complexion, almost like a porcelain doll, but better, as it was real human flesh. I already told you about her long curvy legs, but she also had a tight little ass, which was like something out of a men's magazine. Nina and Alicia both had





# PENTHOUSE LETTERS

**Senior Managing Editor** KATHY CAVANAUGH  
**Senior Editors** KEN FURIE  
HARVEY HORNWOOD

**Art Director, Publishing Group** JOHN AROCHO  
**Designer** CASSIANNE GIAMMARINO  
**Designer** JOSHUA NAHAS

## EDITORIAL

## ART

**CIRCULATION**  
PROCIRC, LLC

**Associate Publisher** RICH MCENTEE  
**Interactive Designer** GABRIEL DIAZ

## ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/ INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

**Managing Director,  
Penthouse Entertainment** KELLY HOLLAND  
**Director, Global Clubs Licensing** JEFF STOLLER  
**Director, Model Recruitment** STACY VALENTINE  
**Director, Licensing** AMANDA BYRD  
**Manager, International Publishing** MONICA KIRBY  
**Licensing Inquiries** LICENSING@FFN.COM  
**International Subscriptions** HTTP://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM

**President, Penthouse Internet** ROBERT BRACKETT  
**Vice President, Product Development** MICHAEL MCNICHOLAS  
**General Manager, Paysites** DAVID STRUCK

## INTERNET

**Vice President, Art,  
Manufacturing & Production** MICHAEL TANG  
**Production Manager** MARIA KELLEHER  
**Photo Retoucher** GIL VELEZ  
**Type Systems Supervisor** MARIO IANOTTA  
**Production Assistant** JANICE VENTURA

## PRODUCTION

**Chief Executive Officer** MARC H. BELL  
**Chief Financial Officer** EZRA SHASHOUA  
**President, Licensing & Publishing** JAMES SULLIVAN  
**Controller** FRANK MATASAVAGE  
**Accounting Manager** ANTHONY MANISCALCO

## CORPORATE

**EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING  
OFFICE**  
20 BROAD STREET, 14TH FLOOR  
NEW YORK NY 10005  
TEL: 212-702-6000  
FAX: 212- 702-6262  
**Advertising Inquiries** ADSALES@FFN.COM

**ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING OFFICE**  
Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

PENTHOUSE LETTERS have been edited to conform to the magazine's style requirements and to enhance readability. Names and other identifying characteristics have been changed to ensure privacy. Handwritten material will be considered only if legible. Send each letter only once. We do not pay for letters.

PENTHOUSE LETTERS is a trademark of General Media Communications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic or other matter. Submission of letters to *Penthouse Letters* Magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to *Penthouse Letters* all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights.

killer figures, and I couldn't believe I was the lucky guy who was about to be their sex toy for a while.

Alicia brought me another drink and then sat down beside me. A minute later she leaned over and kissed me on the lips. She kissed very well, using a lot of tongue, and it got me excited. When the kiss ended she looked down and saw the huge bulge in my pants. She reached out and rested her hand it. Then she smiled.

"Nina told me you were big," she said, a little breathlessly. "But my goodness, she didn't tell me how big!"

At that point Nina finally showed up. She apologized for being late and said that I had obviously already met Alicia. Alicia went to get more drinks, and Nina sat down next to me and started playing with my cock under the table. She smiled when she felt how hard it was, and said that Alicia seemed to have started without her. With that she unzipped my pants and pulled out my dick, and was stroking it when Alicia came back to the table. The blonde sat on the other side of me and started stroking me also. She said something to Nina about how big I was, and Nina smiled and said, "I told you so."

I didn't know how long I could last with two mind-boggling women stroking my dick, so I zipped myself back up and told the girls it was time to go. Nina asked where we were going, and I

told them I had already rented a room at a motel down by the beach.

We went out to my car, and Alicia got in the back while Nina sat beside me in the passenger seat. As I pulled away I looked in the rear-view mirror and saw that Alicia was unbuttoning her top. A minute later she had taken it off and was playing with her perfect pair of tits. Her breasts were almost as big as Nina's, and her hard pink nipples were standing out like bullets.

At that point, to my surprise, Nina crawled over the back of the seat to join her friend, and started sucking on her nipples, moving from one to the other. Alicia then slipped her hand down between her legs and started masturbating. I had a hard time keeping my eyes on the road, and my dick was trying to pop right through my pants.

As soon as we got inside the motel room, the two girls started undressing each other, while I sat and watched them. When they were naked they got into a 69 position on the king-size bed and began licking each other. Then Nina grabbed her purse, pulled out a vibrator and started banging Alicia with it.

By now my cock was as stiff as a flagpole. I undid my pants and stepped out of them, took off my underwear and went over to the bed. I stood in front of Alicia, and she took my rod in her hand, guided it to her mouth and started giving me a great blowjob, while



Nina continued to eat her.

Alicia was trying to take me all the way into her mouth, but she couldn't do it. I told her to turn around and get on her hands and knees, then got behind her and started easing my cock between her shaved pussy lips. Once I got the head of it in I spit on her pussy to make it slicker. I started fucking her with short, easy strokes, and she matched my rhythm, taking me a little deeper each time, until after a few minutes she was getting all of my hard cock.

Alicia was soon yelling and shaking with orgasm, and when she finished she got up so Nina could have a turn. Nina asked me to lie on my back, then stepped over me and squatted, grabbing my cock and guiding it into place. She started easing her way down, slowly taking all of me into her tight little pussy. "Oh yeah, fuck me hard, you jackhammer!" she said, and I started bucking up at her, taking her bouncing breasts in my hands and holding on to them as she groaned and quivered with passion. Finally I felt her pussy muscles tighten around my cock, and felt the juices oozing out of her. It made her pussy more slippery, so I thrust harder, trying to get even more of my dick inside her. Nina came and came, and then I felt my balls tighten as I shot a geyser of come up her wet pussy.

I had to extend our stay at that motel, because nobody wanted to leave.

The three of us spent the whole weekend there, doing each other over and over.

Now I keep wondering what idea my lusty girlfriend is going to come up with next. Whatever it is, I'm sure I'll enjoy it.—K.L., *Atlantic City, New Jersey*

### **With her husband away, she finds solace with two lusty farm boys**

My husband Cal has a friend who owns a farm in a lovely area upstate, and when he invited us up there for a few days, I was glad of the chance for a nice change of pace. I had visions of long walks in fields of barley and fucking my wonderful husband in the haystacks.

It didn't all turn out that way, however. The day after we arrived Cal got a call telling him that his mother was sick, and he had to go back home. He told me to stay, however, saying he would be back when the crisis was over. It was nice of him, but it didn't take long for me to start feeling lonely without him.

But that was before I met Henry and Ron.

They were workers on the farm, and I encountered them by chance one sunny afternoon. I was walking through the fields, feeling sorry for myself, and at one point I stretched out in the shade of a tree to relax, and drifted off to sleep. I was awakened by the nearby sound of voices. I opened my eyes and saw these two guys, sitting above me on a



**"She started easing her way down, slowly taking all of me into her tight pussy. 'Oh yeah, fuck me hard, you jackhammer!' she said"**





slight rise. They were maybe 19 or 20, and they were shirtless, displaying strong, bronzed young chests. They were clearly ogling my body, and one of them seemed to be fixated on my 38D tits, as though he'd never seen a big-chested woman before.

They obviously were not yet aware that I was awake, and I could hear them talking crudely to each other about my body and what they would like to do to me. I have to admit it turned me on to be lustred over by two young men at least 15 years

younger than me. But after a while they got up and went back to work, and I had to content myself by bringing myself off quickly with my fingers, an act that only seemed to frustrate me even more.

The next day I returned to the same spot, but this time I wore a tiny bikini that revealed a lot more of my curvy body. Sure enough, the two guys were there, and as I again pretended to sleep their talk became even raunchier. It got me so excited that I couldn't stand it, and finally I sat up and

asked, "Are you guys having a good time?"

This gave them a scare for a minute, but I calmed them by saying, "I'm very lonely over here, fellows. Maybe you two can help me out, if you're up to it."

They were beside me in seconds, but then they hesitated. I asked them their names, and they told me. The one who had been fascinated by my chest was Henry; the other one was Ron. "Okay," I said. "Are you going to let me see what's making those bulges in your pants, or what?"

The next minute their pants were at their ankles, their throbbing young cocks impressively at attention. They were both big, but Ron's was enormous. "See, we don't have anything to hide," Henry said then. "What about you?"

That seemed like a challenge that I wasn't backing down from. I undid my bikini top and my heavy boobs tumbled free. Ron's eyes widened, "You got a lot there, lady," he smiled.

"Enough for two," Henry added.

With that I reached out and took hold of Ron's massive cock, rubbing my fingers up and down the shaft until it was harder than ever. Henry was hard too, and while not as big as Ron, he was plenty big enough. It wasn't long before I was blowing them one at a time like a demented slut, while they squeezed and fondled my swinging knockers and slipped their hands down the front of my bikini bottoms to get at my pussy.

It was Ron's big cock that I really wanted, and he was happy to oblige. I spread my thighs, lying back on the grassy ground as he eased the swollen head of his cock into my tight snatch.

As he began to fuck me, Henry crouched over my head and fed his cock into my mouth. I happily took it in, moaning around his thickness while Ron fucked me. My pussy felt totally stretched and full, and even though Ron wasn't the most sophisticated lover, he made up for it with stamina



and power. He just wouldn't stop, and long after Henry came down my throat, Ron was as strong and hard as ever, even though he'd already come inside me twice by then. He brought me to countless climaxes before he was finally finished with me.

As it happened, Cal's mom got better, and he rejoined me the next day. So that was my only experience with Henry and Ron, but it sure helped make my vacation memorable.—  
*Name and address withheld*

### Her boyfriend had a big surprise for her, and so did his uncle

Just before I graduated from college, my boyfriend Hal told me he had agreed to house-sit for a weekend for his uncle Kevin, who was going to the beach with his girlfriend for a few days. He asked me to go with him and I agreed, happy that the two of us would have some time alone.

On Friday night Hal and I went out to a movie, then had a late dinner and went back to his uncle's place. There we settled down on and began to make out. Pretty soon Hal started undoing my blouse, one button at a time, and kissing his way slowly from my mouth down to my breasts. He worked his way down to my stomach, caressing my breasts with one hand while sliding my jeans down with the other. By that time I was so excited I was almost shaking.

Once he had gotten my jeans off I pushed him down and began doing to him what he had done to me, but I couldn't control the urge to spend a few moments sucking his very erect penis.

Hal took it as long as he could, then pulled away, picked me up in his arms and carried me to the bedroom. As he put me on the bed I started to remove my panties, but he stopped me and told me to just lie back and enjoy. So I did so, as he kissed and caressed my body all over again. I was panting heavily as he moved up to kiss my lips and slip his tongue into my mouth, arousing me still more fervently.

Suddenly I felt someone kissing my legs and my inner thighs, and then pulling down my panties. My eyes flew open, and there was Hal's uncle Kevin! I began to protest weakly, but they both assured me everything would be okay and I that was about to have the time of my life, and from the way I was already feeling I somehow knew they were right. Somewhere in the back of my mind I was wondering if the story about Kevin going away had all been made up to get me here, but at that point I didn't really care.

Kevin went back to kissing my thighs and slowly worked his way up to my pussy. At the same time Hal brought my hand to his cock, and I stroked it while he worked on my tits.

Kevin finger-fucked me



**“Kevin went back to kissing my thighs and slowly worked his way to my pussy. At the same time Hal brought my hand to his cock”**





# LETTERS

## Three-For-All

while he ate my pussy, and I heard myself moaning with pleasure. Then he and Hal traded places, and Kevin waved his cock in my face and brushed the head over my lips. I opened my mouth and it quickly slipped inside. I felt Hal's cock at my pussy, and as he went into me I came immediately. He continued, feeding his big shaft into me slowly and gently, while I sucked harder on Kevin's cock.

A minute later Kevin exploded, his sperm almost choking me as I tried to swallow it, though most of it ran out of the sides of my mouth, down my chin and onto my breasts. Kevin then began sucking his come off my breasts, while Hal kept fucking me until he howled

felt Hal playing with my ass and probing my tiny back hole. He told me to relax, and when he thought I was ready I felt him rubbing some kind of lubricant into my asshole. He then began to work his big cock onto my virgin ass. It took him a while, and I made him stop several times, but he finally got it in me and the three of us worked our way into steady rhythm. God, it was awesome!

After we all came we took a break, then went at it again. I fucked them both in every position and combination we could think of, and it was a wild weekend. It wasn't quite what I had expected, but I have to say I don't regret a thing.—*F.N., York, Pennsylvania*

We hadn't seen Russ since shortly after we were married, five years before.

At that time we had gone over to his house for a little going-away party, planning to stay at his place overnight, as we knew we would

be drinking. Dan got pretty drunk and went to bed before midnight. I joined him an hour later, having spent the intervening time in Russ's bed, experiencing a hurried but very intense fuck.

**"Kevin waved his cock in my face and brushed the head over my lips. I opened my mouth and it quickly slipped inside"**

and shot his hot come into my pussy.

I was still gasping when they switched places again, and Kevin lowered himself between my still shaking thighs and gently began sinking his dick into my sloppy hole. Now I sucked Hal like I'd sucked Kevin, and when his cock was fully hard Kevin got off me and lay on his back, telling me to mount him. As I did so I

**They did it five years ago, and she was ready to do it again**

My husband Dan and I went out to dinner last month to celebrate my 30th birthday. After dinner we stopped at our favorite bar to dance for a little while. We'd been there a little over an hour when one of my husband's best friends walked in out of the blue.





# 2012 GIRL+GIRL CALENDAR PENTHOUSE™



available now at:  
**amazon.com**

**LOVERS**  
**CONREV**

**CALENDARS.COM**

and other fine retailers

Photography © 2011 by General Media Communications, Inc. All Rights Reserved.  
PENTHOUSE and the One Key Logo are exclusive trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission.  
2012 Calendars © 2011 by 10% and BIG Daddy, divisions of Village Lighthouse, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

# PENTHOUSE™ *2012 Swimsuit Calendar*



2012's sexiest swimsuit calendar  
featuring the hottest Pets & models  
from the pages of Penthouse Magazine  
is now available. Includes:

**Stormy Daniels**  
**Adrienne Manning**  
**Ava Rose**  
**Teagan Presley**  
**Jessica Wilson**  
**Kayden Kross**  
**and more!**



I had fantasized about being with Russ for months after one of my best friends, who had had a hot and very intense love affair with him, told me what an incredible fuck he was. So I was putty in his hands when he put the make on me after my husband went to bed. It was the first time I had cheated on Dan—but hardly the last.

But it wasn't that simple. Dan was asleep for most of the time that I was screwing Russ, but at one point he woke up. Seeing that I wasn't there, he was about to go back to sleep when he heard faint noises coming from Russ's bedroom down the hall, and pretty easily figured out what was happening. When I showed up he asked me about it, and I was too scared and guilty not to confess the truth. To my great surprise, he wasn't angry; in fact my infidelity seemed to turn him on. We decided not to let Russ know that he knew; but from then on I was free to take lovers and to fuck any man I chose, as long as I was discreet and reported everything back to Dan.

And now, five years later, on my birthday, Russ had unexpectedly walked into this bar. He quickly explained that he was in town just for the day, and had stopped by our house to surprise us; but on finding us out he had figured that we might be at our favorite bar.

We were all happy to see each other. Russ shook Dan's hand, then hugged me and kissed my cheek,

that alone causing the crotch of my panties to quickly become damp.

I could tell that Dan knew that my passion for Russ had not lessened over the years. After they had caught up a little, Russ went to get us some drinks, and while he was gone Dan asked me to dance.

One of the reasons we like this bar is that it is seldom very crowded. The dance floor is in a separate room, just behind the lounge. It is quite dark also, which makes for some interesting times. Just about every man I've danced with there has tried to feel me up, and some of them have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams.

As soon as I began dancing with Dan I could feel his growing erection. He held me close, pressing it against me as he whispered, "Damn, you want to fuck Russ as badly as he wants to fuck you, don't you, honey?"

"Yes, baby," I whispered back. "Oh God, I want to fuck him so bad my panties are soaked. Just feel me."

Dan then raised my skirt to slip a hand down the front of my panties, I heard his sharp intake of breath when his fingers touched the slippery folds between my legs. "Christ, it feels like melted butter down there," he told me. "All right, honey. Leave it to me, and I'll see that the two of you have some time alone, okay? It'll have to be tonight, because he told me he has to leave tomorrow."

When we got back to the table Russ asked if he could dance with me too. A few moments later I was belly to belly with him, feeling his rock-hard cock pressing against my mound as he boldly cupped my right breast while we moved slowly around the dark dance floor. As we were almost the only people there, I didn't object when he pressed me up against a support pole and kissed me, at the same time drawing my skirt up to feel my pussy through my drenched panties.

"I've got to have you

drunk again." I said this because I thought maybe Dan's plan was to pretend to get drunk and fall asleep again so Russ and I could fuck. But I was wrong.

We hadn't been back at our table two minutes when Dan's cell phone rang. He moved away to take the call, then came back to say that there was a problem at the plant he managed, and he had to go in and deal with it.

Russ looked concerned and asked if he could come along and help, but Dan, as I suspected, told him to just keep me company, adding



again, you sweet thing," he whispered urgently. "My damn cock is going to explode if I don't get it inside you."

"I want you too," I panted. "Come home with us, and maybe we can get Dan

that he would be back when he could.

Russ and I ordered another drink and danced some more, which got me so aroused that I was about ready to let him screw me right there. But then the bar-



tender stuck his head in and told me I had a phone call. It was my husband, telling me that he was at another bar and would stay there until it closed at two. "Tell Russ I can't make it back for a while, and get him to take you home," he told me. "Oh, and save a piece of ass for me, honey." I told him to call me before he came home, and we hung up.

When I told Russ he practically dragged me out of the bar. On the way to our house he asked if it was safe to park in the alley behind our house, so Dan wouldn't come home and catch us fucking. I told him it would be safe in the house, because Dan always called before coming home late at night, knowing he could get shot if he came in unexpectedly and frightened me.

Ten minutes later we were in the bedroom I share with my loving husband. There I quickly raised my dress and slipped my panties off, then lay back across the bed, waiting for Russ to jump on me. He glanced hungrily at my crotch for a moment, but then took my hand and pulled me to my feet, saying, "I want you naked this time, babe. The first time we did this you just pulled your jeans and panties off. This time I want to feel your naked body against mine."

He watched every move I made as I stood there and stripped for him, and lay down again completely nude. He then got rid of his



own clothes, and I don't remember ever seeing a man do it so quickly. I felt a surge of heat in my loins as I saw his throbbing cock standing tall and proud when he dropped his shorts.

Both of us were beyond foreplay now, and he just climbed on top of me and shoved his entire seven-inch cock into my hot slippery gash. Our eyes met for an instant before we locked lips in a passionate kiss, and he began thrusting energetically into my burning pussy. I had often thought about the first time I'd fucked him, and had tried to recall what his cock felt like; but our joining had been so hurried, and I'd been so scared of getting caught, that it was more like a dream than a true memory. But this time I knew it was real.

His cock was slightly shorter than Dan's, and not

**"I just love it when I reach orgasm just as a man jets his hot semen into my claspings cunt, and that is what happened with Russ"**

as thick, but it still filled my pussy very nicely as we raced feverishly toward an explosive release. I just love it when I reach orgasm just as a man jets his hot semen into my claspings cunt, and that is what happened with Russ. He collapsed on my body then, holding me in a death grip and crushing my breasts as his sperm continued to pour into my body until he was drained.

He still didn't move from the cradle of my thighs, keeping his softening cock inside me until the head of it was sandwiched between

my engorged labia. He raised his head to kiss me tenderly, then with increased passion; and moments later I felt him becoming erect again within my creamy folds. Before I knew it we were fucking again, but this time we screwed much more leisurely, enjoying the lovely sensation of being joined so intimately while giving each other such delicious pleasure. We paused several times to rest, delaying our mutual orgasm for close to 20 minutes before I felt his cock throb as it delivered





# LETTERS

Three-For-All

another load of creamy love juice to the door of my womb.

Both of us needed a break after that, and Russ volunteered to go downstairs to get us a couple of drinks. As I lay waiting for him to return, I felt a steady trickle of semen oozing out of my snatch. Suddenly I had a moment of panic, realizing that I hadn't even thought about inserting my diaphragm before we fucked, and I now had a whole bunch of Russ's sperm swimming up my tubes.

When Russ came back I saw that he was again fully erect; and since it was too late to worry about it, I lay back and spread my legs, saying, "We shouldn't waste that lovely hard-on you've got, honey, if you don't mind sloppy thirds."

He quickly put the drinks down and got on top of me,



Russ was staring at me incredulously. I just smiled at him and hung up the phone. "Yes, Dan knows," I said to him. "And it's okay. He'll be here any minute now."

For a long moment Russ neither spoke nor moved. Then he just started fucking me harder than ever. He was still fucking me 10 minutes later when I heard the garage door open and close. A minute after that Dan appeared at the side of the bed.

"Damn, the two of you look beautiful doing that," he said. "But I'm going to need a piece of that myself when you're finished, buddy."

Dan was on me seconds after Russ unloaded, and he blew his load after about eight or nine strokes. The two of them then tag-teamed me throughout the night, until all of us were exhausted and fell asleep in a tangle of bodies.

We were sad to see Russ leave the next morning. I'm still not sure whether the child I bore nine months later was his or my husband's, but it doesn't really matter. I love them both.—*S.R., Little Rock, Arkansas*

**With a little perseverance and a little luck, a double can easily become a triple. We would like to hear about your titillating trios. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department T, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: [letters@fn.com](mailto:letters@fn.com)**

**"We're doing it again now. God, his cock feels so good in my cunt! So why don't you hurry home, honey, and help your friend fuck me!"**

saying, "Hell, baby, I'd fuck you all night long, regardless of how sloppy it gets." He was fucking me like it was the last piece of ass he'd ever get when the bedside phone rang. He froze with his dick buried inside me as I reached to answer

it. Knowing it was my husband, I was seized with a sudden urge to push things further. After all, why shouldn't Russ know that his friend didn't mind if he fucked me, and in fact was turned on by the whole idea?

"Hello?" I said into the phone. "Oh hi, honey." Dan started to say something, but I scarcely listened to his words as I went on, "Yes, he's still here, honey," I said. "Oh sweetheart, I've been so bad. I let Russ fuck me again, and I might even be pregnant, because I was so horny I completely forgot about birth control. We've already done it three times and we're doing it again now. God, baby, his cock feels so good in my cunt! It feels even better than the first time we did it, five years ago. So why don't you hurry home, honey, and help your friend fuck me."



# Male & Female Libido Enhancement<sup>†</sup>

Make Every Night  
a **PENTHOUSE**<sup>™</sup>  
Night. 



**Available NOW!**

**www.PENTHOUSE**<sup>™</sup>**SHOTS**.com



Prestige Imports LLC Ph: (586) 778-2143 [www.PrestigeImportsLLC.com](http://www.PrestigeImportsLLC.com)

<sup>†</sup>This statement has not been evaluated by the food and drug administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease. PENTHOUSE<sup>™</sup> and the One Key Logo<sup>™</sup> are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission. Licensed by Prestige Imports, LLC



## She'd had the guys one by one, but now they were all together

I'm a 33-year-old woman who's not afraid to do what she wants. I've always been like that. I never wanted a boring life like my parents had, so I just don't allow that to happen.

The first time I had sex I was 18, and my neighbor convinced me to lift my skirt for him in the front seat of his car. His 30-year-old prick twitched when he saw my thinly-haired pussy, and he couldn't climb on top of me fast enough. But sadly, after only a few strokes he shot his load inside me.

That was my first time. It wasn't much at all, and it was a little messy, but still, I'd had sex.

After that I had a succession of lovers, young and old. The younger ones mostly just wanted to be jerked off or fucked in the back seats of cars—and so did some of the older ones, for that matter. But some of them loved young pussy, and usually gave me a good climax or two before they came.

I used to fantasize about a series of studs fucking me one after another in the back of a car, or even in a motel somewhere. But that was just a fantasy until about a year ago.

The factory where I work had a Fourth of July party at a ball field near the river. Before that I'd had sex at least once with nearly all the guys I worked with, but only one at a time. This was all

without the knowledge of my husband. He knew I'd been wild before we met, but he wasn't aware of the extent to which I had continued my wild ways even after our marriage.

The party was fun until a guy named Milt kept feeling me up. I was pissed off at first, as my husband was present and I didn't want to cause a scene, but I got excited anyway. I told him to take me somewhere private, but that we would have to make this quick. He just took my hand and led me to his car.

As I was getting in a guy named Jed came over and spoke to Milt briefly. Then Milt started the car and drove me to his place, which wasn't too far away. As soon as we were in the door I was on my knees, sucking his cock. I sucked

him like a pro, and he quickly groaned and came in my mouth, and I swallowed all of his salty juice.

At that point I heard a car pull up outside, and Milt told me to wait there. He opened the door and there were four other guys from the factory—Jed, Paul, Billy and Trav. Milt quickly let them in, and in a flash they were all stripped naked. They sat me on the edge of the bed, and I began sucking their cocks, going from one to another, down the line. Meanwhile Milt was lying behind me on the bed, feeling my tits and pussy.

Jed had the biggest prick, and after I had spent a few minutes sucking them all, I took Jed's prick in my hand and told him to fuck me. He threw me on the bed and spread my legs wide apart. I cried out with

pleasure as he thrust into me.

A minute later Billy was shoving his dick in my mouth. Two more pricks were placed in my hands, and I started jerking them off, waiting for the come to splash on me.

Jed was grinding his prick deep into me as I sucked Billy. When Billy came, I also felt Jed's come shooting into me, and a second later I felt more jism splashing onto my neck and chest.

I rubbed the come into my flesh as we all caught our breath; then I had the guys sit on chairs in a circle and I went from cock to cock, sucking them hard again. I then let each guy fuck me in turn before I told them I had to get back before my husband got too worried.





They took me back to the party, and when I found my husband he asked me where I'd been, as the fireworks were just getting started, and I had almost missed them. Little did he know I'd already made plenty of fireworks of my own in Milt's apartment.—*S.V., Bangor, Maine*

### Who was it in bed with her? Was it that young man from last night?

The first thing I saw when I woke up was a strange dresser standing against a pink wall, and I knew I wasn't in my own bedroom. Then I felt an insistent erection probing between my legs and slipping easily into my obviously well-lubricated vagina from the rear. I frantically searched my mind, but I couldn't remember going to bed with anyone the night before.

I knew I had attended a fund-raising affair for handicapped children at a downtown hotel, where I was supposed to meet my husband, and I recalled that a handsome young man about 25 years old had somehow attached himself to me. His name, if I remembered right, was Tim. Carl, my husband, hadn't arrived when it was time to sit down to eat. I saved him a chair on my right, but this Tim took the seat to my left. I was starting to worry about Carl, who still hadn't shown up by the time the dinner was over and the band started playing dance music. Tim asked me to

dance, but I declined, saying I had to go powder my nose. When I got to the ladies' room I called Carl at work. He said an emergency had come up, but it was now resolved, and he would be joining me shortly.

Tim had gotten me a fresh drink by the time I returned, and he again asked me to dance. This time I accepted, knowing that my husband would be there soon.

Tim was not shy about pressing what felt like an impressive erection against my belly as he led me around the dance floor. Now I have always been a natural flirt. I did enjoy leading a man on, and often allowed things to go quite a bit further than a married woman should, and this time was no exception. I remembered letting him dance me into a dark corner and behind some stacks of chairs, where he kissed me as he pulled the skirt of my dress up and slid his hand down the front of my panties. I remembered him telling me that he loved the feel of an older woman's pussy. "Oh God," he whispered. "You feel so good. Let's go up to my room."

I hadn't resisted him thus far, but at that point I started to get nervous. I remembered twisting away and leaving him there, but I couldn't remember anything after that—the rest of the evening was a blank. And now here I was being easily penetrated from the rear, my slick, slippery vagina indicating that someone had a



really good time with me during the night.

I was about to bring my foot up and give the intruder a kick in the balls, when a familiar voice whispered in my ear, "What in the world got into you last night? I've never seen you so hot and horny in all our years together!"

A sense of relief flooded over me as I realized it was my husband. I pushed my ass up and out to give him better access to my pussy

as I said, "Oh my God, honey, I don't know! I don't even remember you getting to the hotel. Where did you find me?"

"You were walking across the dance floor," Carl replied. "With some guy named Tim following you. He told me you had suddenly become ill and needed some fresh air. You seemed pretty out of it, so I got a room and brought you up here to rest. But once I got you undressed you



became so horny and cock-crazy that I thought I was going to have to call in the National Guard to help me! You wouldn't let me rest all night, and now you've got me horny as hell for you."

With that I pulled away from him and turned over onto my back, spreading my legs for him. "Make love to me, honey," I panted. "I really need you to do it to me now."

I raised my knees to cradle my husband's body as he slipped his lovely thick six-and-a-half-inch cock back into my receptive pussy. We moved together slowly, performing the oldest and most pleasurable act a man and woman can share, the act of love with a loved one. Our bodies blended together as they had done countless times throughout our 22-year marriage, continual waves of pleasure washing over us until they culminated in a blissful mutual orgasm.

Later, as we rested, I asked Carl if he thought Tim might have slipped one of those date rape drugs into the drink he bought while I was away, which would explain my having blacked out. He said it was possible, but there was no way to say for sure. But from then on I decided to be more careful with strange men than I had been in the past. I was just glad that my husband had showed up in time to prevent anything really disastrous happening to me.

Ladies, be careful out there.—D.N., Richmond, Virginia

## They had a torrid romance in the back seat of her minivan

I met Larry at a dinner party at the home of a mutual acquaintance. We were obviously attracted to each other, and by the end of the evening we had exchanged e-mail addresses.

We corresponded over the course of a month, and I learned that we lived about an hour apart. We wanted to meet again, but we were both married, and due to our family schedules and the need for secrecy, any get-togethers would have to be planned out in advance, and well coordinated. We finally arranged to meet at a nice restaurant halfway between our two cities, on a weekday when both of our spouses would be working

and our children in school.

I had cheated on my husband a time or two before, and each time was a new thrill. I always found it exciting to be in public with a man I didn't know that well, to feel the magnetic sexual attraction between us, to flirt with him, touch him and enjoy his compliments.

When the day arrived I was nervous but excited. I wore tight Capri pants that accentuated the curve of my ass, and a nice cami-sole tank top which revealed some enticing cleavage. My hair was cut in a brown wispy bob, and my makeup was perfect.

I felt a real buzz as I parked my minivan in the parking lot outside the restaurant. My face felt flushed, and I had a definite tingle between my legs. When I

walked in I saw him sitting at the bar, and I tried to look calm as I sauntered toward him. He smiled when he saw me approach, and stood up to greet me with a quick peck on the cheek.

"You look gorgeous," he said, and I thanked him. We took a side table so we could talk in private. As we talked his hands touched me subtly from time to time, on my face, my arm and my knee. I looked him in the eyes, practically begging him to go further. But he didn't.

I hardly tasted the meal, and afterwards we walked back to our cars. When we got to my minivan he kissed me, and then, without speaking, we got into the back of the vehicle to sit side by side. We snuggled and began to talk dirty. We





talked about sex and about our likes and dislikes. His hands began to wander, and I didn't stop them. Soon they were up my shirt and down my tight pants. I looked around the parking lot to make sure no one was watching us, then slid my hand down his pants and into his boxers. I could feel his hard cock, and my fingers encountered a drop of precome on the tip. I wanted to suck him right there, but it was too dangerous, so I gripped his shaft and stroked it as I kept talking dirty to him.

As we kept playing like this we turned to each other and kissed passionately, and I felt him twitch in my hand and shoot all over his shorts and my fingers. He made a mess, but he wasn't embarrassed at all.

By now it was time for us to get back. But we made another date before we parted, and I felt more alive than ever before as I drove home.

On our second date I met him in the town where he works, and we had another nice, intimate meal, during which my panties were moist most of the time. I tried not to be too obvious about my excitement, but it was a failed effort.

Afterwards he walked me to my minivan, and once again we got into the back. He quickly kissed me, and I felt my temperature rise. We were both breathing heavily, and I felt his hand running up my leg to rest on my thigh. My dress was pulled up, and my legs trembled

under the touch of his hand. My own hand was wandering over his cock, which was rock-hard. I started to work his zipper down, and I heard him moan as I slid my hand inside.

I looked around again to make sure we weren't being watched. Although there were a few people walking about, there was no one close to where I was parked. His cock felt warm and hard in my hand, and my lust intensified even more as I felt it throbbing.

His hand slid up higher, and I felt his fingers slide under my panties. He dipped them into my wetness and slid them up and down my slit. I felt an instant rush in my crotch and opened my legs wider. My inner thighs tightened as his fingers slid deeper into me, causing me to let out a loud moan.

I couldn't wait any longer. In a kind of passionate frenzy I threw my leg across him and straddled his lap, pulling my thong to one side and sliding his cock into my wet, warm, excited pussy. We both moaned as that hard flesh sank deep inside me. I hadn't felt so intensely aroused for a very long time. We were so turned on that we both came quickly, and I felt his urgency as he shot several quick bursts inside me.

Suddenly I was again aware of our surroundings. I looked quickly around, but fortunately we were still unobserved. We kissed again, and I told him I had to go. His sperm dripped



out of me as I climbed off him, soaking the crotch of my panties.

We made another date for the following week, and we determined to arrange it so that we would have more time together, promising each other that this time we would go to a motel. Then I left, my pussy tingling all the way home. I don't know just where this will go or how long it will last, but as long as he still wants me, I know I'll be there.—V.I., *Raleigh, North Carolina*

### He took her diaphragm to keep her faithful, but it just didn't work

There isn't a woman on this earth who loves her husband more than I do. Saul and I married young, and I have always tried to be as faithful to him as I can. If once in a while I slip up, it doesn't mean I love him any the less, and Saul understands that. At least I think he does.

Two months ago my boss asked me to go to Houston





**"I was surprised but excited. I love it when a man comes right out and tells me he wants to fuck me, and I find that very hard to resist"**

for a few days, as the manager of our branch office there was leaving, and I was to help him find a replacement. Les, the outgoing manager, was very good at his job, but he had found a more lucrative position and wanted to move on. He was a handsome man of 32, fit and trim. I

would describe him as a hunk, but he was a happily married hunk, and had never spoken or acted inappropriately whenever we had met in the past.

I spent the first day going over applications with Les, and we ended up picking half a dozen prospects to interview. As we were leaving the office Les asked me if I would allow him to buy me dinner, and I accepted gladly, assuming he would bring his wife along. We made arrangements for him to pick me up at my hotel that evening.

Les's wife, Sylvia, was a gorgeous woman who always dressed immaculately, and as I wanted to look my best beside her, I stopped and picked up a sexy black cocktail dress on the way back to the hotel. When I got there I showered and put on a lacy black bra-and-panties set and black thigh-high stockings, along with my new dress. Looking in the mirror I decided I could hold my own with Sylvia. I'm five feet two, 106 pounds and measure 34C-22-31. I have red hair, blue eyes and an outgoing personality.

When I went down to the lobby to meet Les, I found him there by himself. When I ask where Sylvia was, he said she had left two weeks ago to start her new teaching job in the town they were moving to. When I thought about it I realized that he hadn't mentioned her earlier; I had just assumed she would be with him.

Les took me to a very nice restaurant, where we had a great meal, returning afterward to my hotel for after-dinner drinks in the lounge. We were on our second drink when Les surprised me by reaching across the table to take my hands in his.

"There is something I've wanted to tell you for the longest time, Carol," he said. "I think you are the sexiest woman I have ever met, and I would give up my wife and kids to spend one night in your bed. I think I know you well enough to believe that you are a passionate woman. I never felt right about saying this before, since we worked for the same company, but now that I'm leaving I have to tell you I have a good eight inches of cock that I'd like very much for you to become personally acquainted with."

To say I was surprised would be putting it mildly. But I was excited too. I just love it when a man comes right out and tells me he wants to fuck me, and I find that very hard to resist. But I fought against that instinct.

"I'm sure that would be wonderful, Les," I told him. "But you and I are both married, and I couldn't be unfaithful to my husband." Even as I said the words I could feel my pussy getting wet, but I forced myself to pull away and stand up. I knew I had to go back to my room right away before I gave in to temptation. I thanked him for dinner and said that I'd see him in the



# *The* PENTHOUSE *Club*™

*The Penthouse Club – where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance. Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful women.*



*\*Atlanta*  
*\*Auckland*  
*Baton Rouge*  
*\*Chicago*  
*Denver*  
*Detroit*  
*Houston*  
*Moscow*  
*Myrtle Beach*  
*New Orleans*  
*New York*  
*Niagara Falls*  
*Philadelphia*  
*Reno*  
*\*San Francisco*  
*St. Louis*  
*Tampa*

*\*Coming soon  
to Atlanta,  
Auckland,  
Chicago, and  
San Francisco.*

*For more information on our clubs, visit: [www.PenthouseClubs.com](http://www.PenthouseClubs.com)*



morning, and then I walked away.

The elevator doors opened just as I got to them, but I had to wait for an elderly couple to get off. By the time I stepped in Les was right behind me, and he slipped in before the doors had closed again. I started to say no, but he pressed me up against the back wall of the car and kissed me passionately, while pushing his very hard cock against my stomach.

When the car stopped at my floor I broke away, dashing down the hall to my room with Les hot on my heels. He kissed the back of my neck as I fumbled to get the door unlocked, still trying to keep myself under control. But I knew it was no use when his hands moved around to cup my full breasts, his fingers tweaking my nipples through the silky material of my dress as he pleaded that I could not leave him this way. My panties were now soaked, and I could feel trickles of moisture running down my inner thighs as I opened the door and slipped in, with Les still clinging to my body.

As soon as the door closed he started pulling me toward the bed, but I managed to break away, saying breathlessly that I had to hit the bathroom first. In the john I opened my toiletry case to get my diaphragm, and found to my surprise that it wasn't there. After looking three times I decided that my husband must have taken it, thinking that without protection it

would be easier for me to remain faithful. I cursed him for a brief moment; I was still hot, but I didn't want to take the risk of pregnancy. But I also couldn't help feeling sorry for Les, and I finally decided to give him a

cute butt and a hard cock that looked more like nine inches than the eight he had mentioned.

I sat down on the bed, telling him to step up close, but he said he wanted me to take my clothes off too. I

please show it to me for just a few seconds?"

Again I fought back temptation. "We can't go there, Les," I said. "Let's not make it harder than it already is. Just come here and let me suck your cock."



quick blowjob and send him on his way.

I went back and explained to Les that I'd forgotten my diaphragm and couldn't have sex, but that I would be happy to suck his cock to relieve him. I thought he would just drop his pants for me, but he stripped himself completely naked in a heartbeat. He was a horny woman's wet dream—well-defined muscles, a flat hard tummy, a

said no at first, but finally relented, on condition that my panties stayed on. I stood up and let him unzip my dress and hold it as I stepped out of it. I then let him remove my bra and fondle my tits before sitting down again and rolling my hose off as he watched.

"God, Carol," he said then. "I can see your red pussy hair through your panties. I'm sure you have a beautiful pussy. Won't you

I am never offended if someone calls me a cock-sucker, because the fact is that I enjoy having a mouthful of hard dick. I love sucking the full length of it, and I love swallowing come. I took nearly the entire length of Les's cock in my mouth and throat, savoring the delicious salty flavor of his oozing precome. I put my heart into pleasuring him, and soon my lips were down to his balls as I



relaxed and let him fuck my throat for about two minutes before he exploded, sending volleys of hot semen straight down my gullet.

I smiled up at him asking if he liked that. "God, yes!" he said. "But I want to please you too, Carol. Just let me eat you through your panties, okay?"

I couldn't resist. "All right," I said. "But just behave yourself, okay?" And with that I lay back on the bed.

Les knelt between my legs, taking them in his hands and pushing them up until my knees were touching my breasts, then put his face inches from my pussy, gazing longingly at my silk-covered snatch. I knew my tight panties clearly outlined the shape of my pussy lips and the deep cleft between them. "My God, Carol," he breathed, "I love the smell of your pussy, and I'll bet it tastes even better."

I just about went crazy when he started munching on my snatch through the thin crotch of my panties. I desperately wanted to screw him, but it was out of the question, so I relaxed and allowed myself to enjoy the sensations of his active mouth and tongue.

I felt him tugging at my panties with his teeth, then burying his face in my crotch to probe my pussy with his hot tongue. Being horny as hell, I soon climbed the mountain of lust and tumbled blissfully down the other side as an orgasm ripped through my body.

When I recovered I saw

Les still kneeling between my splayed legs. "That was wonderful, Les," I panted. "But I don't think it did very much for you. Why don't you crawl up here and let me suck your cock again."

He did move up then, but much to my surprise he slipped his cock into my slick pussy on the way. I wondered briefly what had happened to the silk panel guarding my cunt, but I quickly forgot about it as an intense feeling of pleasure filled my loins.

I heard myself moaning with joy as Les buried himself in my pussy and began to fuck me with strong, steady thrusts. It was an intense fuck and didn't last all that long, but it ended with a mutual orgasm that left me weak and tingling with satisfaction. I could only hope I hadn't gotten pregnant, and I wondered whether Saul would forgive me if I did.

Les had remained inside me, and was already getting hard again. I was still thinking about Saul when he started fucking me again, but he soon had all my attention and I was returning his thrusts eagerly, this time enjoying a long, pleasurable fuck that ended with several million more of his sperm deposited inside me.

When I went to the bathroom again I discovered that Les had torn the entire crotch out of my panties with his teeth, leaving just a wisp of lace around my waist. This turned me on again, and I thought what the hell, it's too late now. So



"It was an intense fuck and didn't last all that long, but it ended with a mutual orgasm that left me weak and tingling"



I went back and fucked Les for the rest of the night.

The next day, after we had conducted the first few of our scheduled interviews, Les locked his office door, bent me over his desk and pulled my panties down to slip his long hard cock inside me. I was just as horny as he was, and would have fucked him right in the middle of the main office if he had wanted me to.

When Saul called me that

night I asked him if he had taken my diaphragm, and he admitted that he had. He said my asking him that obviously meant I was screwing somebody, and I told him if I got pregnant it would be his fault. I added that if that hadn't happened yet it still might, because I intended to go on screwing this guy for the rest of my stay.

And I did.—*C.F., Austin, Texas*

## **She thought a nice massage might help her relax. Did it ever!**

I was in on a business trip, representing the company I work for at an industrial show in Denver, Colorado. Attending this kind of show and demonstrating our latest equipment meant a week of very hard work for me. It meant being on the floor most of the time, promoting our company's products, talking to prospective buyers, passing out flyers and so forth. Being a part of these shows generally paid off in the long run, but it is a killer to spend eight to 10 hours a day in a business suit and heels, walking on concrete.

Our crew had everything set up by the time I flew in on Sunday to check it out and to meet with the two women the agency sent to act as my assistants. Both were just what I'd asked for, about 30 and beautiful. Ellen was black and Danielle was a blonde. Both had great personalities, and both had worked such shows in the past, and knew what was expected of them.

The first few days were both profitable and long, and when I got back to my hotel I would quickly strip and soak my aching body in a hot bath, then call room service for a little something to eat and a bottle of wine.

By Wednesday it felt as though every muscle in my body was about to cramp up on me. At one point Ellen noticed my discomfort, and

told me that what I needed was a good massage to relax my muscles before going to bed. I told her that sounded good, but I had tried hotel spas and found them pretty lame. She replied that her cousin was an expert masseur, and she would set up an appointment for me if I'd like her to. I said that sounded tempting, but I didn't feel like going anywhere that night except back to the hotel. She then said she would see if she could get him to come to me there, and I said that would be fine.

At the end of the day Ellen said she had called her cousin, whose name was Harold, and he was willing to come to me. She gave me his number to call and set things up. I called him from the hotel, and we made an appointment for eight o'clock. Harold was polite and courteous, and he suggested I take a hot shower first to relax my muscles a bit. He added that his fee for such a call was usually \$125, but since I was Ellen's friend he would do it for \$100. I said that was fine.

When Harold knocked on my door just before eight, I was relaxing with my fourth glass of wine. I had put on a robe, under which I wore white cotton bikini panties and a full bra. Harold turned out to be quite a handsome young black man, about 22 or so, and very professional. He plugged in a small heater for his oils and quickly set up his table. He covered the table with a





sheet and handed me another, suggesting that I disrobe and place the sheet over myself while he turned his back. I told him that wasn't necessary, since my bra and panties covered me as well as a bathing suit. Harold said that was fine, but pointed out that a complete body massage included the breasts and buttocks. However, he said, that was entirely up to me. To him I was simply a client, a body to be massaged, whether male or female

I felt a twinge of excitement when he said that. I was sure he was just being professional, but could he really be as objective as all that about a woman's body? And how would I feel about him handling me in the nude? All my previous massages had been done by females, and there was something about this situation that definitely had erotic undertones. What the hell, I thought, and before he could even turn around I slipped off my robe and swiftly pulled off the bra and panties as well. Then I got onto the table on my stomach and pulled the sheet over me.

Harold's hands were magical as he began working on my aching feet and calves before moving up to my lower thighs, then back to my feet. He then moved around to start rubbing at my ears, working slowly downward from there until he was running his hands gently over my ass, so soothingly that I almost fell asleep.



I eagerly turned over when he asked me to, and closed my eyes as he started again at my feet. I felt the sheet being drawn down, but I kept my eyes closed, tinglingly aware that he had removed it completely, exposing my breasts and the curly brown bush adorning my pussy. After a moment I stole a glance at him and saw that he was looking straight into my eyes as his hands moved down the sides of my rib cage. I

“I felt the sheet being drawn down, tinglingly aware that he had removed it completely, exposing my breasts and my pussy”





closed my eyes again, giving my silent consent for him to continue.

I felt as though I was in heaven as he worked on me for the next half hour, his wonderful hands at once soothing and stimulating nearly every inch of my body. And then those hands were on my legs, slowly working their way up my inner thighs to within an inch of my now moist cunt. I was fully aware that without even thinking I had spread my legs as far apart as the table allowed, exposing the bright pink lips of my pussy, nestled in my brown curls. I heard a couple of clicks as he adjusted a pair of stirrups at the foot of the table, much like those in a gynecologist's office. He gently raised each of my legs, placing my feet in the stirrups, and then proceeded to give me the most pleasurable 20 minutes I'd ever experienced from the touch of a man's hands.

He had me teetering on the brink of orgasm for another 10 minutes before I experienced the most intense climax I'd ever had without the benefit of oral stimulation. It was just the

first of a rapid series of five or six more orgasms that left me exhausted and totally satisfied.

I must have fallen asleep then, because the next thing I knew the morning sun was warming me as I lay in my bed, still totally naked.

I found Harold's card on the dresser, with a note saying that I should call him if I wanted another massage before I left Denver. I went in to shower, but first I examined my vagina with a hand mirror, to check for traces of semen. I found none; nor was there any sign of dilation, or anything to indicate that Harold had taken advantage of me. I told myself to leave well enough alone, but even then I think I knew that I would call him again. Which I did, that afternoon, making another appointment for eight o'clock that night.

I was wearing nothing but a robe when Harold showed up, and I had consumed several stiff drinks to boost my courage. After watching him set up I asked him point blank if he had ever had intercourse with a client.

He smiled. "No," he said. "But I've gotten quite aroused sometimes. Like last night, when I had to relieve myself before I could leave here. I jerked off while looking at your beautiful body. I had to do it twice, because I've never seen a woman quite as beautiful as you."

All right, maybe it was a line, but I didn't care. I dropped my robe, then took

the top sheet off the table and handed it to him, saying, "We won't be needing this tonight." Then I lay face down on the table, as before.

He again started with my feet, and I allowed my thighs to open enough to give him an inviting view. As he worked I said boldly, "You know, I've been having a lovely fantasy all day long, about having your big black cock churning in my pussy. Do you think you can do something about that?"

Harold said nothing for a minute. Then he asked me if I had ever been with a man of color before. "Yes," I said. "Several times, and I loved it each time. Tell me, Harold, do you have a really large cock, so that you could give me an internal as well as an external sensual massage?"

I heard him laugh softly. "My girlfriend and I measured it once," he replied, "and it was just over 10 inches long and five inches around. My girlfriend can handle it, but she is a large woman, not a little thing like you."

"I think you would be amazed at what my vagina can handle," I told him. "And I'm more than willing to try if you want to do it."

He said nothing, but I heard the sounds of him taking off his clothes. I turned over then, and when I saw the erection jutting from his loins I knew I was going to get fucked. It was every bit as big as he had said, and I could hardly wait to feel it inside me.

**"I heard him taking off his clothes. I turned over, and when I saw the erection jutting from his loins I knew I was going to get fucked"**



Relationships can be puzzling.  
Lubricant shouldn't be.



*Tingling* for Her. *Hot* for Him.

Easy. All in one puzzle-piece bottle.

Available now at [www.PenthouseStore.com](http://www.PenthouseStore.com)™



Now as naked as I was, he deliberately went on with the massage. I fondled his cock every time it was within reach while he massaged me from my ears to my toes, and finally played with my dripping cunt.

At last he scooped me up in his arms and carried me to the bed as our lips locked in a very passionate kiss. He laid me on the bed

He moved over me then, and I raised my knees and spread my legs for him as he did so. "Just go slowly," I said, "because that thing is really big."

It was a good thing my pussy was providing a lot of natural lubrication, because he was so excited I think he could have shoved that cock of his through a board. I guided him, nudging my

large cock stretches my vaginal lips, totally exposing my rather small but very sensitive clitoris and giving it maximum stimulation. I felt my orgasm building, and I could feel myself only moments from exploding when Harold's body suddenly became stiff as his hot, spurting semen filled the deepest crevices of my cunt.

and soaking the sheet beneath me.

"My God, that was good, Janet!" he whispered. "I've never had such an intense orgasm in all my life! But I'm afraid I let you down by coming so quick."

I hugged him then, saying, "Don't worry, baby. I don't have to get my rocks off to enjoy a good fucking like you just gave me. And

"Listen," he said. "Would you think I was peculiar if I told you I like to go down on a woman after I've just had intercourse with her?"

and lay beside me as we made out like a couple of teenagers.

"Come on, Harold," I said finally, panting with desire. "I need you inside me now!"

He rose on an elbow, looking into my eyes as he said, "Are you sure about this, Janet? I know you're a married woman."

"Yes," I said. "As sure as I've ever been in my life. Do it!"

"Well, I don't have any condoms," he said. "So I'll pull out before I come, to protect you from getting pregnant."

"You can't get me pregnant," I told him. "I've been fixed, so you don't have to worry about that. As for my husband, he isn't here, so I'd like you to fill in for him, okay? Can you do that?"

labia apart with his cock-head, getting his glans into place. Then I held my breath as he pushed into me, gently stretching my opening until the head popped inside. He worked it further in an inch or so at a time, until our pubic hair was meshed together, and I could feel his hot balls against my ass.

He held very still for a long moment, and I knew he was concentrating on controlling his orgasm, so I stayed motionless as well. Then he began to stroke nearly the entire length of his oversized organ in and out of my slick snatch, causing his big balls to snack against my ass with each stroke as my hips rose to meet his thrusts.

I love the way a really



The orgasm I had almost reached gradually receded and slipped away, just like his flaccid cock leaving my quivering pussy. My lover collapsed on top of me, crushing my breasts between us as he fought to get his breath back. I felt a rivulet of come trickling down the crack of my ass, tickling my puckered anus

besides, the night is still young."

He rolled off me then, and began kissing my neck and fondling my breasts, occasionally tracing his fingers down to tease my still leaking vagina. "Listen," he said after a moment. "Would you think I was peculiar if I told you I like to go down on a woman after



**REAL LOCAL  
NASTY GIRLS**

**69¢** PER MIN 18+

**1-800-899-9945**

**HOT & HORNY LOCAL GIRLS  
WOMEN GET HORNY TOO!**

TRY IT FREE! 18+

Everyday thousands of local girls call free, looking for guys to share their hot fantasies with. Hear them describe themselves and their secret desires, then choose the one you want to talk with. When you hear her message, it means she's on the line NOW! Remember, Women Get Horny Too!

**1-800-920-1555**

**NAUGHTY  
LOCAL GIRLS!**

**TRY ME  
FREE!**

**1-800  
641-9666**

18+

**FUCK MY ASS!**

LIVE 1-ON-1

**59¢** MIN 18+

**1-800-520-4SEX**

**KINKY BLOWJOBS**

LIVE 1-on-1 IS ONLY

**89¢** PER MIN

**1-866-666-TSTS** 8787

Credit card / Adults 18+ only plus small \$3.89 connect fee

**We want to play  
with your cock!**

**Call us!**

**Live, 1-on-1**

**\$2.98/min.**

**1-877-992-GIRL**

18+ NO Connect Fee! 1-877-992-4475

**MY HUBBY  
Hasn't  
Fucked Me  
In Months!**

ALL Calls From  
.99 / Min  
V/MC/Disc/Amex  
Checks By Phone  
18+  
US & Canada

*Desperate Housewives  
Delicious & Dangerous*

**1-800-93-WIVES** 94837

www.LIVEMATUREPHONESEX.com

**TRY ME  
FREE!**

**1-888-647-3888**

18+

**LET'S GET  
NAUGHTY!**

All Girls Are Live From Home  
Call Now We Have A  
Kinky Girl For You!!

**GET 15 Mins. FREE**

**BUY MY WORN BRA & PANTIES**

•Housewives •College Blondes •Brunettes  
•Redheads •Asian •European  
•Trans Sexual •Transvestites •Bi-Sexual

**1-800  
599-5530**

\$27 Flat Rate Billed Discreetly - Open 24 Hrs. - 18+





I've just had intercourse with her? My girlfriend thinks so, even though she loves it when I actually do it."

"Not at all," I assured him. "I think it makes you a true lover. Not many guys are man enough to do that. And I love having my pussy eaten."

I held my breath as he slid down to dive face first into my creamy cunt, lapping at my folds like a thirsty dog. He obviously did like to eat freshly-fucked pussy, and he was quite skilled at it, quickly bringing me to a gushing release that had me squirting my juices all over his face.

He must have eaten my squirring snatch for nearly half an hour before he suddenly loomed over me again, plunging his rock-hard cock into my slippery depths for about an hour of frantic fucking, getting me off repeatedly before spurt-ing his hot jism into me again. Moments later his face was back between my legs, and his hot tongue up my cunt. He brought me off again that way, this time causing me to scream out with joy as my body convulsed like a landed fish.

He was gone when I woke up; but there was no doubt in my mind that I was going to call him again to come to me that night. This time we didn't bother with the massage; we just tumbled into bed for hours of hot sex, doing everything we could think of to each other until we fell asleep.

In the morning Harold asked me if I had ever had sex with more than one man. I told him I'd gotten pretty naughty a couple of times and done it with two guys. One memorable night I'd actually taken on four, but only one at a time. I asked him why he wanted to know.

He mounted me then, slipping his ever-hard cock into me as he said, "Would you like me to bring my brother LeRoy with me tonight? He's 20, but he's kind of shy, so he's still a virgin. But his cock is nearly as big as mine, and it would be a thrill for him to get his first piece of ass from an older woman."

Well, what do you think I said? I'll tell you all about what happened with Harold's brother another time.—*J.N., Dover, Delaware*

### **His wife finds him in her underwear. Does she freak out? Nope**

For years my wife didn't know that I am a cross-dresser and something of a submissive, but she does now. Last week she came home early and caught me all dressed up in her silk

underwear and a blonde wig, with a dildo up my ass. I broke down and told her everything, and I thought I was totally fucked.

Of course she was shocked at first, but once she calmed down, to my surprise, she seemed to be strangely fascinated. She didn't say too much, but a couple of days later she came home with a new outfit for me: sexy crotchless panties, a cotton-stuffed brassiere, a garter belt and stockings. She also bought a new double-headed dildo, with a strap-on harness. Talk about getting fucked! She pounded me all night, one end of the dildo up my ass, the other in her pussy. It gave both of us hours of pleasure.

Now we have been doing this for several months, and lately my wife has been talking about getting some of her friends to fuck me too. Men or women? I asked her, but so far she hasn't answered.—*Name and address withheld*

Life, like sex, is an uncertain business. You never know what you're going to find out when you venture into it, just as you never know what you might find in our Carnalcopia section, which includes a little bit of everything. You might even find your letter there. Of course you'll have to send it to us first. Do that by addressing it to: *Penthouse Letters*, Dept. CC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: [letters@ffn.com](mailto:letters@ffn.com)

**"My wife has been talking about getting some of her friends to fuck me. Men or women? I asked her, but so far she hasn't answered"**



**TRY ME FREE!**  
1-888-647-3888



18+

**FUCK MY ASS!**  
LIVE 1-ON-1

**59¢** MIN 18+

1-800-520-4SEX



**HOT LOCAL GIRLS!**  
Real Sex Connections

1-800-625-1444

**49¢** Min 18+



**SEX ACTION!**



**25¢** Min 18+

1-800-955-2666

**LIVE 1-ON-1 is ONLY...**

**89¢** PER MIN

Wet rides for pocket change

1-800-800-FUCK-3825

plus a tiny \$3.89 connect fee. Credit cards, Check by Phone. Adults 18+ only

I'll ride without a credit card  
1-900-289-9999  
Only \$2.98 per min. + 98¢ connection fee



**KINKY BLOWJOBS**

**89¢** PER MIN

LIVE 1-on-1 IS ONLY

1-866-666-TSTS 8787

Credit card / Adults 18+ only plus small \$3.89 connect fee



**EXPERIENCE EXPLOSIVE ORGASMS WITH GUIDED MASTURBATION!**

**800-506-7178**



Call for LIVE, 1-on-1

18+

\$2.98/min.  
Pay by: Credit, Debit, Pre-Paid or Gift Card, or Check!

1-888-278-GIRL




Guided Masturbation. You may have an idea of what it is, but until you've experienced it firsthand, you have no idea just how much more intense and enjoyable your masturbation sessions can be.

Our Masturbation Guides know their way around a cock. They know how to instruct your cockstroking to maximize pleasure and intensify orgasm. They know how to listen to your breathing, your moaning, and the things you say. And they know how to bring you to the brink of orgasm over and over before they instruct you to stroke faster, harder until finally they allow you to experience the most mind-blowing orgasm or your masturbation life.

Imagine a sexy female voice telling you how to move your hand, how to stroke your cock, how to pace your masturbation for maximum pleasure. Perhaps you'd enjoy having your Masturbatrix join you in a double self pleasure session.

Call us NOW at 800-506-7178 for an incredibly arousing masturbation session!

2.50 per minute with a minimum of 10 minutes -  
1 hour discounts available - 18+ Only - Billed to your Credit Card





# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## It Seems Even Bigger!

**His wife was picky about her “extra lovers.”  
Now she reconnected with an old boyfriend  
she remembered for his grand endowment**

My wife always knew I enjoy the fact that she occasionally enjoys herself with other men. The only stipulation has always been that Grace tells me all about it in detail afterwards. It's only happened a few times, since she's picky with her extra lovers.

Some weeks ago an old boyfriend of hers from long before we knew each other, Reg, got in touch with her on Facebook. They started corresponding online. At first she didn't tell me about it, though she *had* mentioned Reg to me, saying a number of times how well he used to fuck her and what a fabulous big cock he had.

One day Reg called her at her office. When they'd spoken several times, she finally told me over drinks that he'd contacted her and they'd spoken. His job sometimes brought him to our city (he lived about two hours away), and she was almost in heat telling me about the sexy calls. They hadn't been explicit, since she was at work, but she'd let him know she was anxious to see him.

Hearing how much Grace

wanted to see Reg and enjoy his big cock really excited me. I was looking forward to them hooking up as badly as she was. No doubt the stories she'd bring home to tell me would be exciting.

A couple of weeks later as we were heading to bed my sweet wife said she had something to tell me. Reg had called her at work and said he was in town for a meeting early the next morning, and suggested that they have lunch.

Grace took a half-day's vacation so when she met Reg for lunch she wouldn't need to worry about returning to work. Knowing that she was enjoying her boyfriend's big cock that afternoon, I was beside myself waiting for the details. She obliged eagerly.

She'd met Reg for lunch as planned, and they shared a bottle of wine, which loosened them up. During lunch she made sure the short skirt of her dress was hiked up to show off her shapely legs (she's a bit of an exhibitionist). Now he placed his hand on her knee. As the wine flowed, conversation

turned to the sexy times they had enjoyed.

Reg said that Grace was always his favorite fuck. He loved how uninhibited she was. He complimented her on how she'd kept her figure, and eventually kissed her. He suggested they get another bottle to drink in his motel room. No way she was turning that offer down!

She rode with him to the motel, which was nearby. In the elevator he was all over her, kissing her deeply while grabbing her ass and pulling her to him. When they made it to his room, the wine wasn't opened—as soon as they were in the room he began all but ripping her clothes off, saying how sexy she looked.

As soon as Grace was naked, Reg laid her on the bed on her back, then took off his trousers and rubbed his hard cock up and down her slit. It looked even bigger than she remembered! She was practically whimpering for him to fuck her with it, but he made her tell him how much she wanted it. “I want that big cock!” she cried. “Please, *please* fuck

me. I need to feel it deep in my pussy, please!”

Reg plunged his cock all the way in. At first he fucked Grace deep and slow. She wrapped her legs around his waist, and he began fucking her hard. She screamed as waves of orgasm rushed over her. Even though Reg hadn't had the pleasure of fucking Grace for years, he had managed to hold off shooting for several minutes. Then, she said, “I felt his body go rigid and a deep moan came out as he filled me with come. I loved it.”

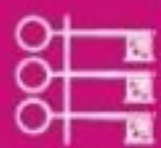
They collapsed on the motel bed. Grace was exhausted from the hard fucking and how long she had come. Reg was exhausted from fucking her so hard and coming so strong in her. They rested for a nice long time, then opened the bottle of wine. As they drank, she played with his cock. She told me, “I needed another great fuck by that big cock.”

While he sat on the edge of the bed, she knelt between his legs and sucked his cock until it was back to full size. He was playing with









# LETTER OF THE MONTH



her tits then. They were both ready for their next round.

This time Grace was the aggressor. She climbed on top of Reg and slid his erection in her, then started riding it like there was no tomorrow. Being on top, she could get it deep inside her (*much deeper*, she made a point of reminding me, than my cock would *ever* reach), and when she came, she screamed and her body shuddered. He lasted a long time before blowing another load in her pussy. Afterward she lay beside him. After a short nap, they both cleaned up and

he drove her back to her car.

While she told about her adventure with Reg, I couldn't help but stroke my cock. It wasn't long before I shot a nice creamy load all over my gut. Grace seemed to get a kick out of watching me jack myself off, and smiled a sexy little smile at me.

A couple of weeks later we had reservations for a Saturday dinner at our favorite restaurant. That afternoon Grace informed me that a friend of hers might join us, which I didn't give much thought, figuring she meant one of her girlfriends might

be stopping by to have a drink with us. I just made a mental note to make sure that we had a nice booth to accommodate her.

To my shock (though probably not to yours!), who should show up but Grace's boyfriend Reg? I *couldn't believe* she would just spring him on me! But at the same time, to my surprise, I was tremendously aroused.

He pecked her on the lips and sat down beside her. Immediately they began to chat, barely acknowledging that I was even there!

We ordered dinner, and along the way a few cocktails. For the most part I sat there in silence while the two of them flirted openly *right in front of me*. This continued all through dinner, and for a few more drinks afterwards. Neither of them acknowledged that I was sitting across the booth from them! They just kept talking and flirting.

As the drinks took effect,

seemed to be enjoying letting me know that my wife was his for the evening and that how the night proceeded was up to his lead.

When it came time to leave, Grace had the waiter put the whole bill on one check and handed it to me, saying, "Reg and I will wait outside." For some unknown reason, while I paid the check I was aroused by the way my wife and her boyfriend were treating me.

When I went out to find them, I found them in a deep embrace alongside our car. After several moments they broke away and Grace said, "You're driving all of us back to the house. Reg'll leave his car here." They slid in the back seat, and I drove us the ten minutes to our house.

As I don't doubt you've guessed, I kept a close watch on them in the rear-view mirror. I saw them resume their passionate kissing, and although the mirror

---

**"While Grace told about her adventure with Reg, I stroked my cock. It wasn't long before I shot a load all over my gut"**

---

Reg's hand moved to my wife's knee, which I took to mean that her dress was hiked up enough for his hand to be on her leg. The entire wait staff and all the patrons around us saw and watched intently what was going on. I was aroused beyond description! Reg

didn't give a complete view, I had no doubt that Reg's hand was now well up under Grace's skirt and in her thong panties.

At the house, Grace told me to fix cocktails for them and bring them to the living room. While I mixed their drinks, I threw back two of



my own to help me prepare for the evening ahead. When I arrived in the living room with their drinks, they were sitting on the sofa with her legs lying brazenly across his lap. While he stroked her legs, they spoke and laughed softly. With each motion, his hand slid from her bare feet all the way up under her skirt, then slowly back. Again, they acted as though I wasn't present!

I sat across the room and watched. After a while Reg told me to fix them another drink—and to make sure I had one for myself. I returned to the kitchen and mixed the drinks, including a nice stiff one for myself! When I returned to the living room, Reg and Grace were in a deep embrace, and no doubt their tongues were exploring one another hungrily. I sat their drinks down, then returned to where I had been sitting and watched them make out.

They continued to kiss and hold each other close, stopping only momentarily to take a drink from the cocktails I had fixed them. Even when they did that, they never looked in my direction! Finally, Grace faced me and said, "Fix one final drink for yourself, and make sure you use the bathroom. Then meet me in the bedroom."

Confused as to where the night was headed, I did as Grace said. I had finished half of my "final" drink when she joined me in the bedroom. She pointed to a chair in the corner and said for me to sit down. She disappeared in our walk-in closet,

and I heard a dresser drawer open. She rejoined me and said not to speak, but just to do as I was told. Using thigh-high stockings she'd gotten out of her dresser, she tied my hands to the arms of the chair, then knelt in front of me and tied my legs to the chair.

While she knelt in front of me, I saw plainly that her top was opened and one of her tits was exposed. "Now," she said, "I don't want to

to the living room. Although the lights in the bedroom were off, there was light coming in from the walk-in closet light, which she had left turned on. I strained to hear anything that would let me know what was taking place in the living room, but for some time I heard little noise. Then there was the sound of Reg and Grace coming down the hall and entering the bedroom.

My wife was naked from

her ass. Since her panties were thongs, that meant *he was fondling her plush ass in front of my face!* My cock was so hard now that I really appreciated Grace's undoing my trousers, even if I still couldn't touch myself.

While they kissed, my wife reached down with both hands to unfasten Reg's pants. She slipped her hand inside his shorts, and I assumed around his cock. "Let me see that big



hear anything from you the rest of the evening. Do you understand?"

What could I say except "Yes, dear"?

As a favor to me, she unfastened and unzipped my trousers, then left me in the bedroom and headed down the hallway, I assumed back

the waist up. Her shapely breasts looked fabulous. Reg grasped them. She helped him remove his shirt, and they fell into a deep embrace. God, her tits looked sexy pressing against his bare chest! While he held her, he slipped his hand down her skirt and grabbed

cock," she said. "Let my husband see the cock that's going to fuck his wife."

He still had his hands in her skirt. Before he pulled them out, he pulled on the skirt so that it fell to the floor, leaving her standing there in only the thong panties. She bent down and pulled his





# LETTER OF THE MONTH



pants and shorts down, allowing his cock to spring out. It was undoubtedly a good couple of inches longer and a good amount thicker than mine.

While Grace was bent down with Reg's big cock right in her face she couldn't resist licking it and sliding

as much as possible in her mouth. She loves sucking a nice cock, and can always get mine fully in her mouth, but with Reg's, because of the thickness, she could only get it about halfway in.

By the time she stood back up, he was naked. He picked her up and laid her

on our bed, and she raised her hips so he could slide her panties off. She was clearly eager to enjoy his big cock inside her, but he teased her for a while, standing alongside the bed just looking at her naked body. She wanted to be fucked so badly that she was squirming and wiggling for it. I believe that if he had tried to leave her in that condition, she would have tackled him and had her way with him.

At last Reg spread Grace's legs and moved between them. He slid his way in gradually until that whole big cock was buried inside her. While she moaned, I found myself starting to whimper! Watching my wife getting fucked was more erotic than I ever imagined it to be.

As Reg began to fuck her hard, I strained to move my tied hands to be able to play with my cock. Even though it was only inches away, Grace had tied me too tightly to reach it.

"Fuck me!" Grace cried. "Fuck me *hard*!" And the louder she yelled, the harder Reg pounded her. He lasted several minutes before shooting in her, then kept fucking her till she exploded. As they collapsed in a heap on our bed, I realized that while they were fucking *I had also come*. I had no idea when, but my shorts were drenched.

I slumped in the chair and assumed the evening was drawing to a close. Perhaps I dozed off in the chair, and perhaps they dozed off on the bed. It's hard to know for sure. The next thing I

was aware of was the two of them stirring on the bed. It became obvious that Grace hadn't had enough of Reg's big cock. She started playing with it, and with his balls, working to coax him back to life. When she bent down to suck him, he grew erect again in a hurry. As his cock hardened in her mouth, he devoured her tits.

Reg seemed to take control. He stood up beside the bed and pulled Grace up to a standing position by the bed, just a few feet from me. He turned her around and lowered her so her face was on the edge of the bed with her ass right in front of him and her legs hanging to the floor. "Watch me fuck her on the side of your bed," he said to me, adding, "My cock will reach places that yours never will."

He spread her legs apart, and there was just enough light for me to see his come still smeared down the inside of her thighs. He bent slightly, pushed his cock between her legs and rubbed it all up and down the entrance to her hungry pussy. "Tell me you want this cock," he said. "Tell your husband how bad you want me to fuck you with this big cock."

"Oh, fuck me!" she panted. "For God's sake, fuck me as hard as you can with your beautiful big cock!"

He had her repeat this a few times, until with a single thrust his cock disappeared in her pussy. She screamed with pleasure. With her face and chest resting on the bed, he grabbed her hips



and began fucking her deep and hard, the way she loves it. She moaned loudly with each thrust, sounding like she was coming the whole time. Meanwhile I noticed my cock again poking out from my shorts, and caught myself moaning *as though I was fucking my wife!*

Grace was enjoying the fucking of her life, and I only wished that I was able to tape it to watch over and over. Reg's strong arms held her shapely waist, and with each of his thrusts her pussy took the full length of his cock. There was no doubt that she was loving every stroke. I have no idea how long he fucked her that way; it *seemed* like forever. And once again without my even realizing it, and of course without my touching it, my cock blew in my shorts.

Eventually Reg shouted and filled Grace's pussy. Once again the two of them collapsed in a naked heap and fell asleep. All I could

I must have drifted off to sleep. Later that night (I had no idea of what time it was; all I could tell was that it was still dark out), I was woken by the sound of fucking. I looked up and saw Grace on top of Reg, lying on his back, riding him for all she was worth while he grabbed hold of her tits. The bed was squeaking, and she was moaning up a storm.

Until that evening I had no idea two people could fuck as long as the two of them did. Each time they fucked, it seemed to last longer and be wilder than the time before. I had shot off so many times while I watched them that by now I was shooting pretty much dry loads.

Watching Grace ride Reg, I saw her body respond to the wide stretch and deep fuck his cock was giving her. While she screamed repeatedly, he held her waist firmly as if to help her shove him all the way inside with



---

**“‘Fuck me!’ Grace cried. ‘Fuck me *hard!*’  
The louder she yelled, the harder Reg  
pounded her. He lasted several minutes”**

---

do, still tied firmly in the chair, was sit there and admire my wife's sexy body alongside Reg. To my surprise, I enjoyed looking at his cock too. Even soft, it was surprisingly big and wide, with her juices clearly visible on it as it glistened in the dim light.

each thrust. After what seemed like forever, he screamed as he came again inside her. I wondered if *he* had any come left to spew. After a while she collapsed on his chest, and shortly afterward rolled off and lay beside him.

I noted that it was still

dark outside, and again we must all have fallen asleep. The next time I was awake, the two of them were both gone from the bedroom. A short time later Grace returned and said she'd driven Reg back to his car. As she unfastened my arms and legs and led me to the bed, she said she didn't know how to tell me this, but she felt that from now on Reg's big cock would be something she needed, and asked me if I thought that would be a problem.

By that time I was staring at her swollen pussy, well

drenched with Reg's come, and by way of answer, without even thinking about, I slid down her body and set about licking her clean. When I had swallowed it all, I said, “It's only a problem if I don't get to lick you clean every time.”

To my pleasant surprise Grace asked if I wanted to fuck her. I did! I don't suppose it gave her as much pleasure as she got from Reg's big cock, but it felt great to me. I really couldn't think of any downside to this new arrangement.—N.A.,  
*Kansas City, Missouri*



# *The House Sitter*



When she came home early from a trip from hell, the house should have been empty, but clearly there was someone inside



## FEATURE by Sienna Knight



I was in a foul mood. My two-week business trip had been cut short due to client error, and then, since I had no other business in the area, I'd had to change my return flight reservation at the last minute. Of course, then my flight was canceled, and I'd had to spend the night in a hotel I wouldn't have booked my worst enemy in.

But finally, after a five-hour flight, I was riding in a limo and homeward-bound. I couldn't wait to get there. All I could think about was changing my clothes, pouring myself a drink and putting my feet up.

As the driver pulled up in front of my house, the first thing I noticed was the sound of music—but not just music. I'm talking about thumping-bass, where's-the-party-at music. I mean, it wasn't late, but it was after ten.

It took me 30 seconds to remember that I hadn't called to cancel the house sitter. That had to be it. My boss had asked me to take this trip on short notice, and I'd first asked my friend Serena if she could check on the house and stop by to feed my cat, but since her car wasn't working she offered the services of her cousin as an excellent and reliable house sitter. I was a little skeptical at first, but Serena said this cousin of hers was also a cat-lover and I wouldn't be disappointed.

At that point I didn't have much choice, and I did trust Serena's judgment, so I gave her my spare key and told her I was holding her responsible if anything went wrong.

Now I paid the driver, climbed the stairs to my porch and peeked through the window, but I didn't see anyone—just the cat, sleeping comfortably on the coffee table, where she knows she's not allowed! The other thing I noticed was that *someone had tidied up!* The piles of books and newspapers I'd left spread all over the couch and the floor had been neatly stacked, and the reason the cat was *able* to lounge on the coffee table was that someone had cleared off the papers and coffee cups.

I wasn't expected back for another few days, yet Serena's cousin had already cleaned—and that wasn't even part of the deal. Well, I certainly wasn't going to pay extra for housecleaning when I hadn't asked for it.

The door was locked, so I used my key to get in, and dropped my carry-on



by the door. The cat opened one eye, but didn't budge. Apparently I was going to have to reassert myself and remind her of the house rules.

But first things first. I left the music playing and made my way to the kitchen. I didn't find the house sitter, but I did find a pot of sauce simmering low on the stove, and all of the dirty dishes I'd left behind in the sink had been washed and put away. Also, I couldn't swear to it, but it certainly looked like the floor had been mopped. Who was this person?

My next stop was upstairs. Slipping out of my pumps, I climbed the stairs. I had two bedrooms and a full bathroom to check. The bathroom was empty—and spotless! Someone had picked up the laundry I'd carelessly tossed in the corner. I checked the guest room, but that was empty too. Which left the master bedroom, and I just couldn't imagine what Susie Homemaker would be doing in *there*. Then again, maybe she was flipping the mattress and changing the sheets.

The door was slightly ajar, and as I got closer, I heard the unmistakable sounds of sex—a man and woman moaning, and the sound of skin slapping against skin. I was pretty sure it was the TV, but along with that I heard the low moans of a man which sounded quite real.

Without opening the door fully, I was able to see the room reflected in the mirror over the dresser—and a *dark-haired man stroking himself in my bed!* I was stunned beyond belief.

Was this Serena's cousin? If it was, I didn't know whether to thank her or wring her neck. What if this was a home invader—a gorgeous, neat-freak home invader? If this was Serena's cousin, somehow I'd expected a young woman, maybe college age, trying to earn extra money by house sitting. This was a *full-grown man*. And he was *hot*. And he was working his fist up and down what looked to be a *nine-inch cock!*

Ohmygod! I should have been outraged, but I wasn't. The sight of this man jerking off in my bed had me horny and hot, and wondering how it would feel to slide *myself* down that thick pole of flesh. God, it was bigger than my vibrator! Then I noticed something black and silky in his hand and thought, *No, no, not my La Perla's!*

I was about to scream at him, but it was too late. As the couple on TV reached their climax, the man arched his back, groaned loudly and shot his jizz into my favorite and most expensive pair of panties.

I closed my eyes and counted to ten.

"You must be the house sitter," I said as I pushed the bedroom door open and stepped into the room.

Any normal person caught masturbating in someone's bed would have been embarrassed, but this guy had the balls to lie back on the bed, give me a lazy, self-satisfied smile and introduce himself.

"You must be Charlie," he said. "I wasn't expecting you home so soon."

"Ya *think?*" I said, getting angrier by the second. "And it's *Charlotte*. Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Miles," he said. "Serena's cousin." Then he sat up and held out his hand—the clean one, that is. Still, *eww!* I looked over at the TV, and saw that the credits were rolling. It had to have been a DVD that Miles had brought with him. I prefer reading erotica rather than watching porn.

"I hope you make a lot of money house sitting, because you just ruined a \$200 La Perla thong. And get the hell out of my bed."

I'd been gone a week, so I had to wonder if he'd made use of any other pieces of my lingerie. Actually, I found it kind of flattering, but I wasn't about to tell *him* that.

"You must be tired," he said. "Why don't you just relax, and I'll fix you some dinner?"

I remembered the pot of sauce on the stove. It really did smell good. And I'm a lousy cook. It's take-out all the way for me. I wondered if Serena had told Miles that the way to my heart was a home-cooked meal and a decent-size cock. I would have to speak to her when I had a moment.

While I was thinking about dinner and dicks, Miles got out of my bed. He didn't even bother to cover up. And I didn't bother to hide the fact that I found his body, so fully displayed, absolutely delicious. His cock, although no longer hard, was still a force to be reckoned with.

I felt my panties grow damp and the muscles low in my stomach clench with need. I was between boyfriends at the moment and had told Serena often enough that sometimes the vibe just doesn't do it for me. Come to think of it, I remembered her mentioning a cousin of hers she wanted me to meet. A gourmet chef.

Miles saw me staring and smiled. Maybe I smiled back, I'm not sure. But when he came toward me, his cock had already begun to harden.

"Serena's told me a lot about you, Charlie," he said. He was still coming toward me, but now his cock was leading the way. His body was pretty amaz-

"As I got closer, I heard unmistakable sounds of sex—a man and woman moaning, and the sound of skin slapping against skin"





ing, but I only had eyes for that magnificent cock.

"I think I've heard about you too," I said. "You're a personal chef, right?"

"That's right, and I've been waiting for her to introduce us, but you're such a busy woman." He was right in front of me, just inches away. "I'm glad you came home early." He dropped my ruined thong on the floor. Then he started to undress me. Horny slut that I am, I *let* him.

Miles leaned forward and kissed me, deeply. He tasted of spicy tomato sauce and fresh basil, and I wanted to devour him. While we explored each other's mouth, he pulled off my blouse and bra. Since he was already naked, I helped him take off my skirt and panties. When we were skin to skin, he pushed me back on the bed and knelt between my legs. He used his fingers to spread my labia and blew lightly on my clit and pussy, sending shivers through me. Then his tongue was sweeping a path between my inner folds, and it felt really good. I fell back

on the bed with my hands on his head, my fingers tangled in his hair.

A tiny part of me wondered how I could let this stranger undress me and eat my pussy, but a bigger part of me thought, This is my best friend's cousin, and he's hot, and he sure knows how to make me feel good!

Then he added some fingers to the mix and thrust them inside me. I moaned as he pumped them in and out while he sucked and licked. It was fucking incredible! I vowed that even if this turned out to be only a one-nighter, I would never let myself go so long without getting laid.

Miles was relentless. He kept driving me closer and closer to climax, until he pushed me over the edge. Then he just kept right on going until I pulled him up for a kiss so I could regroup.

He grabbed me and moved me farther onto the bed. His cock felt huge against me. While I wondered if I'd be able to handle all of it, I felt the fat tip rub against my entrance. I watched as he rubbed himself along my slit,

spreading my wetness all along his length. I knew he was trying to get as much of me on him as possible, but where I needed him was *inside me*.

"Miles, you've ruined my favorite thong. The least you could do to make amends is to fuck me—*now!*" I thought I'd said it nicely, but there might possibly have been an edge of desperation in my voice.

"Somebody's impatient," he said, well, patiently. "Serena mentioned something about that—about how you really need to relax." Then he pushed the fat head of his cock against me and pulled back again.

I was going to *kill* Serena. I didn't need to *relax*, I needed to *get fucked*. I slowly raised my knees and reached down to take hold of Miles's cock. He was big, but I was so horny and so wet, I was positive I could take him. I made sure he was right at my entrance, then reached around and grabbed hold of his tight ass and pulled hard.

The head of his cock popped in, and that was it. He laughed, and I screamed,





*"Fuck me, please!"* I must have gotten my point across, because he shoved all of that thick meat in me, and before he even started thrusting I was trembling with pleasure. He filled me to the max. It was pleasure to the extreme, and I reveled in it.

Then Miles started to *move*. "Jesus, you feel *so fucking good*, Charlie," he groaned. "I could fuck you for days." He pumped into me with long strokes, each deeper and harder than the last. I felt another climax building inside me. Each stroke elicited a moan from me, and when he picked up the pace and started working his cock, my moans evolved into a continuous warning of my approaching orgasm.

"You're going to come soon, Charlie," he said through gritted teeth as he drove his cock into me. "Me too."

I held on for dear life as the climax that had been threatening to take me over did just that. I screamed out my orgasm as Miles's final thrusts were punctuated by hot bursts of his come filling my depths.

I was totally blissed out, satisfied like I hadn't been in months, and limp as the dirty laundry in my carry-on. Miles and I were plastered together with each other's sweat, but I couldn't move. Then the silence was broken by my stomach growling.

"Didn't you say something about feeding me?" I murmured. "Where's my dinner?" Maybe he'd take pity on me and bring the food to the bedroom.

"I'll check on the sauce," he said. He bounced out of the bed and ran down to the kitchen. This guy was a hell of a lot better than my vibe—and he didn't need batteries.

Fifteen minutes later he was back. "Come on," he said.

"Where's the food?" I said.

"Shower first," he said, pulling me out of the bed. I felt like a rag doll, but I followed him down the hall to the shower. He'd already started it, and the water was perfect. I leaned up against the tile, letting the spray rain over me. It felt good, but what happened next was even better. He had the sponge, which he'd soaked with my lavender shower gel, and he started gently washing my tired body. Why hadn't any of my ex-boyfriends done this for me?

I felt totally relaxed at first, but when Miles turned me around and made me lean back against him, I felt his cock—he was getting hard again! He reached around with the sponge and squeezed suds all over my tits while he kissed and sucked on my neck. One hand rubbed me sensuously with the sponge while the other hand trailed down my





body. When he reached my mound, his fingers slipped between my legs and played with my clit. I felt his cock between the cheeks of my ass and thought, Oh man, if he wants to fuck my ass, I am never letting him leave this house!

"Dinner's ready," he said against my ear, "but I want to fuck you again, Charlie." He knew I wanted to again too. My nipples were hard and swollen, and I ground my ass against his thick cock. I was sure that with a little soap I could take him. I wanted to. I *needed* to. Only one of my boyfriends wanted to fuck my ass. Since Serena and I talk about everything, I'd mentioned that, and I couldn't help wondering if she'd given her cousin some tips.

"It's *Charlotte*," I moaned. "And yeah, I want you to fuck me again."

Miles told me to get down on my knees, and I didn't hesitate. I was thankful that I'd just replaced the rubber mat at the bottom of the tub.

"I thought all your friends call you Charlie," he said. He pushed me down on my forearms so my ass was offered up to him. Then he squeezed something cool on my asshole and I felt him start to work first one finger, then another in my tight hole. He had found my lube, or else he'd brought some with him. Whatever. I like a man who thinks

ahead, and cooks, and cleans—and fucks like there's no tomorrow.

"That's true," I said as he started to push his way into my back door.

"I think we're going to be friends," he said. "*Good* friends." There was a hint of huskiness to his voice.

Damn, he was a big boy, but I relaxed and he slowly worked his way in until he was balls-deep in my ass, filling me like no other lover ever had. I moaned, loving the feeling of him. That extra width and length was no joke. He knew how big he was, because he didn't move. He held himself still inside me until he knew I was ready.

I tightened my muscles around his cock, and he cried out in ecstasy. "God, Charlie!" he groaned. "You're going to make me *come* if you do that again." He pulled out slowly, then pushed back in at the same pace. That slow glide had me wanting more friction, and the next time he pulled out I used my arms as leverage and pushed my ass back hard onto his cock till his balls slapped against my ass cheeks.

"Oh, so you're ready to *play* now," he said. "Okay, let's do it." And he pulled out and pushed back in, over and over, harder each time, and deeper. He held me by the waist to help bring me back to meet his strokes. We started thrusting against each other, our moans and groans blending as we pushed each other higher and higher, till we reached our limit and tumbled over the edge into orgasmic bliss.

My body hadn't been this used in months. I couldn't have formed a coherent sentence if my life depended on it. Miles slipped out of me and pulled me back against him. We stayed that way with the shower beating down on us for a while. Finally, he helped me to my feet and we finished showering, with me leaning against him or the wall for support.

When we were toweling off, my stomach growled again. "If you don't feed me soon, you're fired," I said.

He said, "I think we've both earned some dinner."

We headed downstairs to the kitchen. I had a short robe on; Miles was content to walk around naked. Perfect! My dining room table has a glass top, so as long as his plate wasn't in the way I'd get to look at his luscious cock. I took a seat, and he served up pasta, meatballs and sauce, homemade breadsticks and wine. I was famished, and the food was to die for.

"So, Miles," I said between mouthfuls, "you're Serena's cousin, you're a chef, and you're a house sitter. Why have I not heard of you until recently?"

"I was in California for a while," he said, "but now I'm back in New York starting up a catering business. I'm taking house-sitting jobs until I find a place to stay."

"Well, I could use a hand around here," I said. "I don't cook. I'm terrible at housekeeping. And like you said, I think we could be great friends."

He gave me that smile again. "Would I still have to replace the La Perla's?" he asked. "I found them on the floor of your bathroom and just couldn't resist."

"We'll see," I said.

We'd finished dinner, and I watched as he loaded the dishwasher. We took our wine into the living room and sat on the couch.

"What kind of porn were you watching?" I asked.

Instead of answering me, he dashed upstairs and came back down with the disk. He popped it in the player and turned on the TV. The first scene was about a delivery guy who was late with a woman's pizza. She pulled him in her apartment and told him she wouldn't complain if he fucked her, so he did her on the kitchen counter. Of course he was late with his next delivery, and that woman wanted to give him a blowjob.

Miles had already pulled off my robe, and I was half lying in his lap while he played with my tits and my pussy. When the blowjob started on the screen, I started my own porn scene on the couch. I got on my knees between his legs and took the head of his cock in my mouth. It was satisfying to hear him groan with such pleasure. He was hard as steel and oozing precome like crazy. I used his wetness as well as some of my own to slide my hand up and down his slick length while I bobbed my head.

His hands were in my hair, helping to push my mouth up and down on him. I couldn't deep-throat him then, but with a little practice I would. I wanted to make *certain* I would. I licked up and down his length and took him as deep as I could. When I looked up at his face, he looked like he was in heaven.

"That's it, Charlie," he moaned. "Oh yeah, suck me off, baby." And I did. I sucked him so good, he erupted in my mouth, filling me to overflowing with his cream. I swallowed as much of it as I could handle, and the rest dribbled down my chin. I was a mess, but Miles loved it. He said I looked better than any porn flick.

Miles and I never did see the rest of the porn flick. We headed back upstairs to the bedroom—to get better acquainted and talk about him staying with me for a while. ●

**"Then Miles started to move. 'Jesus, you feel so fucking good, Charlie,' he groaned. 'I could fuck you for days.' He pumped into me with long strokes"**



# BROKEN PROMISE

true confessions







**When she returned home for the reunion, she had no idea just how much of her past she was going to be revisiting**





I had promised my husband I wouldn't cheat while I attended an "old grads" reunion in my old hometown. I had many friends who still lived there that I hadn't seen in years, so Joe had suggested that, instead of just going for the three days of the reunion, I stay for two weeks to visit with friends.

Which led to "the promise." When I made it, I thought it would be an easy enough promise to keep, since I'm no spring chicken. (A lady doesn't have to tell her age, and I'm not going to!) Still, I've worked hard to preserve my tight body. Plus, for better or worse, I have *the same sex drive* I had at 18!

So the morning after the last night of the reunion, when everybody who had come for the reunion left for home, I found a phone book to read with my morning coffee instead of a newspaper. While scanning the pages, I realized the directory wasn't just for my hometown, as before, but included a half-dozen other communities. As I thought about people I might know in the area, one particular guy came to mind.

I was delighted when I found Frank's name listed, with an address on the familiar country road I remembered! I decided to drive the hour or so there,

taking a chance that he'd be home so I could surprise him. I knew he was married, but I thought it would be fun to meet his wife and visit with them.

I ate lunch in the little town Frank had grown up in, then drove out to his ranch. It looked much like I remembered as I drove down the winding road toward the ranch house and outbuildings. Near the house there were two trucks with horse trailers parked. I knocked on the door, but nobody answered. I started back to my rental car, feeling awfully stupid for not calling ahead. Then someone called out "Hello" from the barn.

I waved to the man and walked down the well-worn path to the barn. The man I approached looked a lot like Frank but was maybe half his age. I introduced myself and said I was looking for Frank G—. He said, "I'm Frank G—," extending his hand to shake mine.

Of course, he was "my" Frank's son. He explained that "Big Frank" lived in Phoenix now because of his health. I told young Frank I had once dated his dad and just stopped by to say hello. Just then there were some squealing and thumping sounds behind the barn and young Frank took off back through the barn. Out of curiosity I followed him

**"On the way back to the ranch, Frank said he would like to show me something but was concerned about offending me. I replied that at my age it was pretty hard to offend or even embarrass me"**

and got to the back door just as a stud horse slipped what looked like three feet of cock into a squealing mare and humped her like hell for 10 or 15 seconds, then rammed her so hard, his back hooves came clear off the ground.

It took 20 seconds for the stud to drain his balls. I felt a rush of heat in my loins. Frank released the stud's lead rope and left the two horses to themselves, then walked back over to where I was standing and said, "Sorry you had to witness that. I had just put them in together when I saw you drive in, and old Buster wasn't about to be led out of that pen."

I told him not to worry, because I'd grown up in the country and seen it all



before. I apologized for interrupting him and asked him please to tell his dad I'd stopped by, then said I would be on my way and let him get back to work. He asked me to just give him a few minutes to separate the horses and then he would love for me to come up to the house for a cold drink. He said it had been a long time since anyone stopped by to visit. I said okay, I would wait in the barn out of the sun.

I heard a commotion and turned and saw the stud going for it again. As I watched from the shadows—it was just too erotic to turn away!—I thanked God I wasn't born an animal that only had sex once or twice a year and then only to reproduce.

The house was neat and clean but lacked the look of having a woman around to tidy things up. After young Frank brought me a cold beer, I asked if he was married. He shook his head and said, "No, all the women I know just want to get their hands on this ranch, so I just handle things myself."

We sat and talked until I'd finished my beer. Again I said I better get out of his way. He said, "I may be crazy, but I feel like you're an old family friend, and I hate to see you rush off so soon. Why don't you spend the night? Let me take you out to dinner."

He seemed sincere, and I felt quite comfortable around him, so I said I'd go find a room in town and give him a call to let him know where to pick me up. He said he wouldn't hear of me wasting my money on a room when there were three empty beds upstairs. Again feeling comfortable, I saw no reason not to accept his invitation, so I did. We got my bags inside, and he showed me up to a room, where he said to sit down while he put fresh sheets on the bed.

We drove into town and had a great dinner, and a wonderful time visiting over after-dinner drinks. On the way back to the ranch, Frank said that at the house he would like to show me something that meant a lot to his dad, but he was concerned about offending me. I replied that at my age it was pretty hard to offend or even embarrass me.

At the house Frank poured us both some wine and we settled on the sofa and relaxed. After we'd chatted awhile, I asked him what it was he wanted to show me. "First of all," he said, "when you went to school, was your last name H—?" When I said yes it was, he went to a bookcase and got an old ledger-type book. He said, "I found this hidden behind an access door in the wall when I remodeled the old house and put in insulation." He handed it to me

and sat down again, only this time nearer to me.

I opened the book and *saw my name on the first page!* Under it was written "the girl I want most," which stunned me! The next page said "First Date" at the top, and had a brief summary of that date. I knew that nothing more than a brief kiss had happened that night, so I leafed ahead to the third date. That page had a penciled drawing of a woman's breasts. Yes, that night I had let Frank feel my tits for the first time, and in the book was a detailed description of what we did. One page told about my giving him his first blowjob. He wrote how I deep-throated him and swallowed his creamy release, and then did it a second time.

I already knew where this was going, but was unprepared for what I found when I turned the next page. *There in a plastic sleeve were six old black-and-white Polaroids of me in the nude.* I remembered vividly the day they were taken. It was the Sunday before I got married the first time, on the following

Friday. I'd cursed myself a thousand times for letting Frank photograph me nude, especially the close-up picture of my pussy after I'd given him his first piece of ass. There it was: a photo clearly showing a glob of his come at the mouth of my pussy, about to slide down over my puckered ass. Of course there was also a detailed commentary about each of the four times we copulated that day so long ago.

Closing the book, I told young Frank I was sorry that he'd had to find such a thing and reminded him that his dad and I were very young, only 18. I added that at that time I'd only recently discovered the pleasures of sex with my fiancé and wanted to share that pleasure with someone else before I married.

Frank Jr. looked as if he was in a trance. He just stared at me for an uncomfortable while before he said, "No, Claire, don't be sorry. There's more written in there which praises you for being a pillar in my dad's life, and I thank you. You still look as beautiful as you were back then. I've envied my







his father photographed me and he might be very disappointed.

I stood silently while he unbuttoned my blouse and exposed the lacy bra that held my breasts. Seconds later the bra was gone, giving him the opportunity to lean over and suckle each of my nipples. While he did, he undid my jeans. He slipped his hands down the back of them and squeezed my panty-clad buttocks. My panty crotch became wet just from anticipation.

Finally, he lifted his head and kissed me tenderly, then whispered, "Your bottom is firmer than any teenager's I ever got my hands on. Just feel how hard my cock is for you."

I took my time, though. I rid him of his shirt first, and then of his straining jeans. He wasn't wearing underwear, so his erection sprang out of his fly like a jack-in-the-box—a nice length and an even nicer thickness. I wrapped my hand around it and stroked it lovingly.

One of Frank's hands was now in the front of my panties, caressing my wet snatch and directly stimulating my rapidly swelling clit, sending hot tremors of desire throughout my body. He dropped to his knees, putting his cock out of my reach while he worked my jeans and panties down, then helped me step out of them.

He buried his face in my crotch. My knees grew weak, and I settled slowly onto the side of the bed, giving him the opportunity to spread my legs and really eat my pussy out, until he brought me to a convulsing orgasm. With my body still trembling, he eased me toward the middle of the bed and mounted me.

It's an enchanting moment that I always cherish, when a man enters me for the first time to become one, whether uniting in lust or in love. I had the feeling from the degree of Frank's urgency that it had been awhile since he'd had a woman. Now he was probing everywhere but the right spot trying to find my entrance. I slipped a hand down and guided him to the place he was looking for, and felt my lips stretch to accept him.

He slipped the head in, then stroked half a dozen times, working more of the shaft in. I loved the way he was filling my inner walls. Once he was in up to his balls, he proceeded to just plain fuck me, venting his lust, and in less than a minute he pumped a load of cream in me while growling like a wild boar. He rolled off and held me close, thanking me over and over.

After a while I felt him becoming

dad many times while I masturbated looking at your pictures.

I was more than a bit shocked at this confession, and even more surprised when Frank just slipped his arm around me and planted a searing hot kiss on my lips. He released me just as quickly, saying, "I sure know how to make a damn fool out of myself, don't I?"

I leaned up and kissed him, then said, "No, Frank. I'm flattered that you would even *think* of kissing a woman so much older than yourself. I can't believe it's me, or that you've masturbated while looking at my pictures."

Then I surprised myself by asking if he would be interested in finding a nice comfortable bed where we could "enjoy a night of wet and wild fun together naked." I hesitated at that point, then asked if he'd ever been with an older woman. He said, "Honestly, no, but if you're making me an offer, I'd be a damn fool to refuse."

He took my hand and led me to the bedroom, where he stripped the bed of everything but the bottom sheet and turned and asked if he could please undress me. I said yes, but he had to remember I was much older than when



**“My body still trembling, he mounted me. It’s an enchanting moment that I always cherish, when a man enters me the first time to become one, whether uniting in lust or in love”**

hard again. I jacked his cock while we smooched and cuddled. Then I straddled him and took his revived cock in me, giving him some of the sloppiest seconds I’d ever given a man. My God, he had come so much, his cream was *pouring* out of me and becoming foamy in our meshed pubic hair.

I tried to churn it to butter by fucking Frank as hard and fast as I could. This time, having just blown his load, he lasted much longer. I bounced wildly on his boner, and just as I felt myself going off again, I felt the splash of more semen spewing inside me. We collapsed and slept in a tangle until Frank woke me for a midnight ride on the pussy express. By then he seemed to have lost his urgent need to fuck like a madman, and this time our coupling was much more contained, but even more passionate.

I spent that night and the next three with Frank. I lost track of how many times we did the nasty. The morning that I finally left, I left with my cunt full of come from fucking all night. After promising to call him (I didn’t), I drove back to my old hometown, where I spent the rest of my time in town visiting more old friends. I couldn’t remember when I had felt so invigorated since the time I lost my first husband.

My only concern was whether my present husband would be as understanding and forgiving as my first. I finally decided I couldn’t tell Joe about Frank. However, a few weeks after I returned home from the trip, I apparently let the cat out of the bag while talking in my sleep!

When Joe asked me that morning, “Who’s Frank?,” at first I pretended I didn’t know what he was talking about. When he didn’t buy that, I said, “Oh, right, *Frank*! God, does that take me back! I must have told you about the boy I went to school with.”

“That wasn’t any schoolboy you were moaning about last night,” he said. “I can’t repeat the stuff you were saying.”

Finally I broke down and told Joe

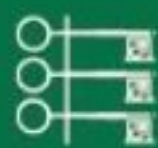
that I’d broken my promise. When he didn’t say anything, I started telling him how I went out to the ranch hoping to see Frank and his wife. When Joe still didn’t say anything, I explained about meeting young Frank, and once I started, I sort of eased into stories about the three hot nights I’d spent with Frank’s boy, and as I let it out, it started to feel better. Finally, when there was nothing

more to tell, I just stopped and waited for Joe to say something.

A week later I’m still waiting. Joe moved his stuff into the guest room and hasn’t said anything to me since that night. We still have dinner together, though. (He’s always done most of the cooking.) So I think he’ll come around eventually. At any rate, I have to hope so.—C.G., Spokane, Washington







## Lust-crazed, she didn't know if she was taking charge or giving in

She was staring at me again—the new girl from accounting. I was certain I hadn't met her before, but every time I turned around she seemed to have me in her sights. There was a guy standing close to her near the bar, talking nonstop, oblivious to the fact that she was ignoring him.

I turned my attention back to my friends, and my drink. Company parties were few and far between, but holidays were the exception, and I intended to make the most of the night. One of my coworkers asked me to dance, and I followed him out to the floor, still holding my drink. We wedged our way to the middle of the floor and started to move. We danced through three songs before heading back to our group.

On the way back to our table I looked over to where I'd last seen the girl. She was right there, staring at me. She was pretty and kind of exotic-looking. If I didn't know better, and if the same guy hadn't still been all over her, I would have thought she was into me. But that couldn't be. I wasn't the biggest slut in the office, but I had fucked my fair share of guys in the company. I'd never hooked up with any *women* in the office, though, and I was always the aggressor. Being checked out by a girl was new to me.

Everyone at the table was drinking beer, and as if on



cue, another pitcher arrived. I'd finished my whiskey, and after inwardly debating whether or not to switch to beer, I decided against that idea and headed over to the bar. Bar Girl was still leaning there, looking anything but thrilled that the guy was still chattering away. Un-

fortunately, the only empty space was next to her. I made a snap decision and veered left toward the rest rooms. I pushed the door open and went in.

I stopped at the mirror to check myself, and was about to go into a stall when the door opened and *in walked*

*Bar Girl*. She closed the door behind her and leaned her back against it, then looked me up and down with a hunger that made me rethink my sexual preference. Even as I reminded myself that *I do guys*, this girl was making me feel hot and flushed—and wet.

"You're in marketing," she said. "Oh, I've heard a lot about you."

"And you're in accounting," I said. She hadn't made a move toward me, but I was feeling like a mouse caught in a trap. What the fuck was wrong with me? I could handle a simple girl crush, if that's what this was.

"So," she said as she walked toward me, "do you only do guys?"

She was close enough that I could see that the kohl liner around her eyes had a fine line of silver overlaying it. She really had gorgeous eyes. And full lips. I smelled whiskey on her breath when she spoke. I decided to let her keep talking.

"You shouldn't limit yourself," she said softly, close enough to kiss me.

I hadn't moved an inch. I stood my ground. *I could handle this*. All I had to do was tell her I wasn't into girls and walk away.

"You've hit on just about every good-looking guy in the company," she said. "Or so I've heard. You're quite the little slut."

I gave her my bored look. "I've been waiting for you to get around to *me*," she continued. "I finally came to the conclusion that I'd have to make the first move."



And that's how it started. *She* moved, I didn't.

As I tried to convince myself that one of my friends had put her up to this, she put a hand behind my neck and pulled me toward her. Any minute, I thought, she'll laugh and say something like "Gotcha." Or some of my friends will barge through the door laughing. Whatever. I wasn't about to cave in

wet and I felt as if my world was tilting. At some point I had to admit that I had lost control of the situation—and *I didn't seem to care!*

We kept kissing, changing the angle, exploring each other's mouth and feeling each other up as much as we could with our clothes on. I found myself walking backward, and had no idea which of us was leading.

her lips were sucking and tugging at my nipples while her hands molded and squeezed my breasts, and I couldn't wait for her to get to the really good part.

I love having my pussy sucked. That's one of the things that'll keep me going back to the same guy. If he passes the test and can send me to the moon with his pussy-eating skills, he

expected me to chicken out!

Instead of answering, I unzipped my skirt, stepped out of it and hung it on the door hook. Then I pulled off my panties. I was about to hang them up along with my skirt when Bar Girl grabbed them. She brought them up to her nose and inhaled.

"Mmm," she moaned. "I can't wait to taste you." She got down on her knees and



first. I could just play along.

I closed my eyes and felt her tongue licking over my bottom lip before the actual kiss. Then her tongue was in my mouth. Her kiss tasted of whiskey. Instead of pulling away, I started *kissing her back*. The kiss went on, *and on*. Soon my panties were

We ended up in the corner stall. I remember hearing the door close and the bolt sliding in place. I took a moment to consider what I was about to do, then started to unbutton my blouse. Bar Girl popped the front closure on my bra and helped me out of it. Then

deserves a repeat performance. I figured I had nothing to lose with Bar Girl.

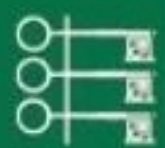
She was still kissing and sucking, but I clearly heard her tell me to lift up my skirt. *Fuck that*, I thought, and stepped back.

"Change your mind?" she asked. Yeah, she probably

pressed her lips to my belly button. I felt her tongue swirl around it. Then she kissed her way down me, alternately licking and tugging on my skin with her teeth.

I was anxious and breathing like I'd run a couple of laps. Ordinarily I *like* it when my lovers take their time—





**"I didn't even know her name, but that didn't stop my body quivering. She lowered her face, and I felt her tongue tunneling around my clit"**

the longer, the better. But in this case I was hyped and twitchy like I'd done a couple of lines. I wanted her tongue on me and *in* me.

"You want this," she said. "Oh, I can tell." She nudged my legs farther apart and dragged her tongue through my pussy lips from front to back. I saw stars. I looked

down at her and silently willed her to do it again, but she wasn't having it.

"Ask me," she said, grinning smugly. Now that my attempt at Jedi mind tricks had failed miserably, I had no alternative but to beg.

"Please," I moaned.

"Suck my pussy!" I didn't even know the girl's name, but that didn't stop my body quivering with lust. She lowered her face again, and I felt her tongue tunneling all around my clit, licking up the slick juices that seemed to be running down my unsteady legs. If I had any doubt as to which of us was running the show, Bar Girl quickly cleared that up. As soon as I placed my hands on her head to hump her face, she stopped what she was doing and gave me a look that said, "Really?"

I dropped my hands and was rewarded when she plunged several fingers in me and sucked hard on my clit. I grabbed her shoulders for support as I began to climax. Her fingers pumped in and out, twisting and scissoring inside me, curling and pressing on my sweet spot while her tongue did magical things.

A couple of people had come into the rest room, but that did nothing to dampen my lust. I kept biting my lip to keep from crying out. Bar Girl was relentless. She kept sucking and finger-fucking me, and my body just kept convulsing. I was out of control and just didn't care.

When she finally eased up and I was able to come down from the incredible

sensations, she stood up and pressed her lips to mine. I tasted my essence on her lips and tongue as she gently pinched my sensitive nipples. I pulled back and looked at her through half-lidded eyes. I was dazed and speechless. She just smirked at me, then handed me my clothes. Uncertain what to do, I got dressed slowly, still trying to process what I'd just done. My brain didn't seem to be working.

"You look like you could use a drink," she said.

She was right. I thought I might also want to go another round with her.

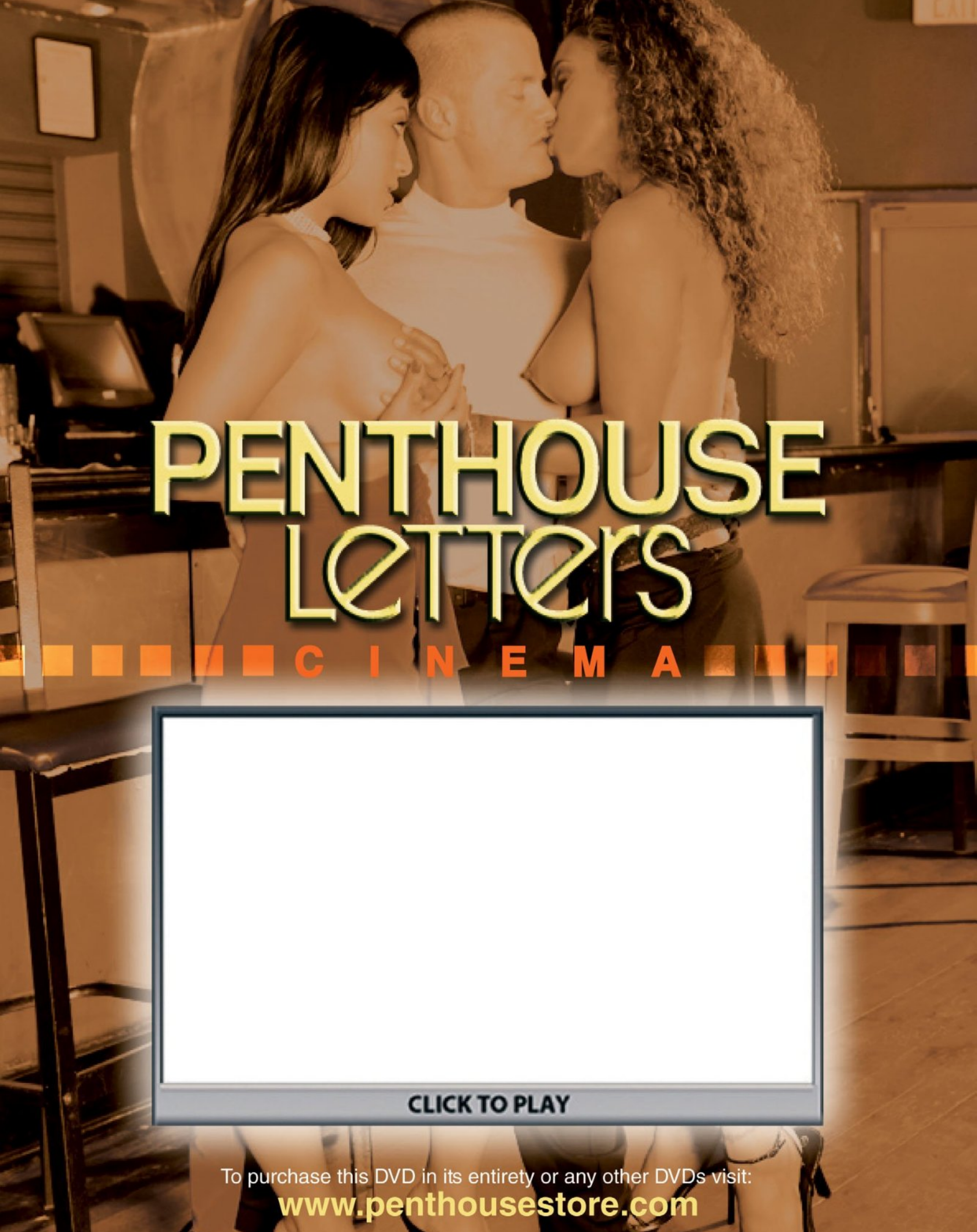
"I don't live too far from here," she added. I knew an invitation when I heard one. I'd certainly offered enough of them to my coworkers. So when she led me out of the bathroom, I followed her. I waved good-bye to my friends and went home with Bar Girl for the night.—A.G., *Sacramento, California*

### **She'd never told her best friend how that first kiss affected her**

I hadn't been home in several months. The only reason I was making the five-hour drive was because an uncle I barely remembered had died and my presence had been requested. The problem is that I have this thing about funerals. No way was I going to the cemetery!

So I'd told my parents that I would try to make it but that if I got caught in traffic I'd be at the house when they returned. They'd invited everyone back there after





# PENTHOUSE LETTERS

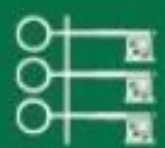
■ ■ ■ ■ ■ C I N E M A ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

CLICK TO PLAY

To purchase this DVD in its entirety or any other DVDs visit:

[www.penthousestore.com](http://www.penthousestore.com)





the burial, so it wasn't as if I wouldn't see all my relatives and family friends.

I took my time driving, and when I finally arrived at the house, it was *packed*. I saw my family and made the rounds, offering condolences to the bereaved while doing my best to dodge the nosy questions—about why I was still single—being peppered at me by my meddlesome aunts. I grabbed a plate, piled it with as much food as I could, snagged a bottle of vodka from behind the bar and after stowing it in my tote slipped down to the basement.

It was dark, but I knew my way around. I headed toward the back of the basement. Feeling around carefully for the end table near the old sofa, I was surprised to hear someone say, "I was hoping you'd show."

I knew that voice. "Cassie?" I said. "That you?"

"Who else would it be?" she said.

"Thank God!" I said. "If I had to answer one more question about my love life, there was going to be another sudden death."

"How the hell are you?" Cassie said. "You don't call, you don't text—"

"I've missed my hang-out buddy," I said, locating the table and putting my plate down carefully. We hadn't seen each other in years. Whenever I came home for holiday visits she was out of town. We'd kept in touch, but lately I'd dropped the ball.

Cassie was my best friend growing up. We did *everything* together—shared everything, told each other everything. She was also the first person I ever kissed.

She'd stolen a couple of joints from her brother, and with my parents away for the weekend we were in this very basement smoking the joint and comparing notes on which boys we'd liked. Both of us still being virgins, we always talked about sex. That weekend the joint had us feeling really good, so we decided to kiss, to see what it was like. Afterward we had told ourselves it was merely practice for when we had boyfriends.

The one secret I had kept from Cassie was that our innocent first kiss, which involved our tongues gently twining around each other's and our hands straying over each other, meant a lot more to me than just a test run. Since that night I'd been

with *guys*, but I had never kissed another girl.

When I sat down next to Cassie, she hugged me and I hugged her back. God, it was like we were teenagers again! I pulled back, and it was the most natural thing for me to kiss her. I wasn't even afraid she might not kiss me back. It was something I *had* to do, something I'd wanted to do for a long time. And there was no denying it, I loved kissing Cassie.

I pulled back and braced myself for her reaction. But she was smiling, and hadn't actually let go of me! She

said, "After all this time, *that's* all I get?"

"I wondered if it was just me," I said. "That kiss we shared—it made me want to do more, but I wasn't sure how you felt."

"This is how I felt," she said, and she kissed me again. I felt her hand slide up under my skirt. She didn't stop until she'd cupped my mound. I moaned into her mouth, mashing my breasts against hers. *I could not believe I was kissing my best friend!* She moved her fingers back and forth, providing enough heat and fric-



**"Being virgins, we always talked about sex. That weekend the joint had us feeling really good, so we kissed, to see what it was like"**





# HOOK UP

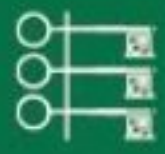
TONIGHT NEAR YOU

Join for Free\* at

**AdultFriendFinder.com**  
The World's Largest Sex & Swinger Personals Community

ADULTFRIENDFINDER.com® is a service mark of Various, Inc. Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.  
\*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.





# LETTERS

## Girl Meets Girl

tion to make me want to do much more than suck on her tongue. Breathless with excitement I said, "Cassie, I want to do more than just kiss you."

"Then let's do it," she said. "Go lock the door, and then

now illuminated by the light from the TV. She'd already stripped. I grabbed a sheet from the laundry basket, and she helped me spread it on the sofa.

My entire body vibrated with need. I couldn't figure

licking and sucking, pushing me to an even higher level of excitement. Had I mentioned to her that my neck was an erogenous zone? That any kind of stimulation in that area was a direct line to my pussy? I doubted it—I was barely capable of speech.

Cassie was in no hurry, and truthfully she was making me feel so good that at that moment I was all for taking it slow. This was a first for me, and I *wanted* to take it slow, to savor every sensation, from the feel of her lips on my neck to the aching throb deep in my pussy. My fingers were tangled in her thick hair, holding her to me while her lips and tongue moved to the other side of my neck. Her mouthwork grew more passionate, and I knew she was going to mark me, but it felt so good that I couldn't stop her.

I ground my hips slowly against Cassie's, moaning as she worked my skin with her teeth. My legs felt rubbery, and I was certain that the only thing keeping me on my feet was the fact that she held me in her arms. Finally she moved her mouth from my neck to my lips. As her tongue slid in my mouth, the slow grinding began again, in earnest this time. I filled my hands with her firm ass and pulled her tighter against me, needing that added pressure.

"Let's move to the sofa," Cassie said. I didn't have to be asked twice.

"I've never done anything like this," I said. "Have you?"

"I've fantasized," she said.

"You've been in all of them."

We let our instincts take over and ended up on the sofa, head to pussy. It was the perfect way for us to start. I loved being on top of Cassie with my face buried between her legs, and I loved the feel of Cassie lapping up my cream. We explored each other thoroughly, with fingers and lips, and learned what the other liked. We figured out each other's hot spots and what it took to make the other come.

By the time we finished my face was covered with Cassie's juices. When we turned around, face-to-face, we kissed deeply. Then we moved around, and she let her leg slide over one of mine. I got what she was trying to do, and we pulled ourselves together until our pussies touched. Then we held tight and pushed against each other.

We started grinding and humping, harder and faster. Each time we pushed together, she groaned. The pressure had been building steadily. Suddenly I was so overwhelmed that I couldn't even tell Cassie I was coming. My whole body stiffened as I strained against her and rode to a climax that took over my senses. Then she cried out, and we held each other through our mutual climax.

As we slowly relaxed, we fell against the sofa, panting. If the expression on Cassie's face was any indication of mine, we were both amazed at what we'd just experienced.

I stroked Cassie's leg,



**"I've never done anything like this,'  
I said. 'Have you?' 'I've fantasized,'  
she said. 'You've been in all of  
them.' We let our instincts take over"**

hurry back. I want to taste you and suck you off."

I went to lock the door, then went back to Cassie, pausing briefly to locate the remote for the flat screen my parents had installed years ago. After turning it on and lowering the volume, I looked at Cassie's body,

out what I wanted to do first. Cassie helped me undress. Then the two of us stood there as our fingers moved up and down, caressing, exploring, touching, enjoying the feel of each other.

We held each other close. Cassie pressed her lips to my neck and began slowly





**NEXT ISSUE**

*The Girls of*  
**PENTHOUSE**

MARCH/APRIL 2012

**ASA AKIRA**  
**PORN'S NEXT**  
**SUPERSLUT?**

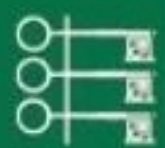
**PLUS:**  
**YURIZAN BELTRAN**  
**LESBIAN LATINA**  
**FINDS HER PAPI**

**MISTY STONE IS ONE**  
**TWISTED SISTER!**

**& MORE...**

**ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS FEBRUARY 7**





**“There were a few awesome-looking guys, but I was in the mood for pussy, not dick. I’d already picked out several hook-up candidates”**

and for the first time since I moved away, I was glad I had come home.—*M.N., Montgomery, Alabama*

### **At the seminar, the hot hometown babe showed her the ropes**

I’d been at my present job a mere eight months when management offered me a promotion. It was more responsibility and longer hours, but with it came a hefty increase and perks like business travel and out-of-town seminars.

So I had less time to get laid, but I gained an oppor-

tunity to meet new people. Not that there was anything wrong with my coworkers. They were friendly enough, but they were mostly guys in their 40s and 50s. I’m 25, with a banging figure and a pretty face, or so I’ve been told. Old guys just don’t do it for me, and neither do middle-aged women—not yet, anyway.

So here I was at a week-long seminar at a five-star hotel in Chi Town, with lots of other 20- and 30-some-things, and my libido was chomping at the bit. While the instructor droned on, the thought that kept running through my head like an endless loop was: “*so many girls, so little time.*” There were a few awesome-looking guys too, but I was in the mood for pussy, not dick.

I’d already picked out several likely hook-up candidates, like the pale chick in front with the big boobs in the shape-hugging knit dress. Why couldn’t I work

in an office with *her*? Or the tall babe in the designer suit with the braids piled high on her head and skin the color of rich dark chocolate? As we had the same taste in clothes, I could ask her where she shops and take it from there. Or perhaps the petite auburn-haired girl who resembled a pixie? They say good things come in small packages.

When it was time for our lunch break, the instructor told us he had to attend an impromptu meeting and said for us to take an extra hour. I opted for the girl in the suit. I went over to her and introduced myself. I admired her suit and asked casually if I could feel the fabric. Janelle smiled, then said to go right ahead. I took the opportunity to rub my fingers slowly up and down her arm.

It turned out that Chicago was her hometown, and she knew where we could go for a quick bite, which we did. She also knew the best places to shop. We were in one of those places, and in less than 15 minutes Janelle had declined any assistance offered by the eager sales attendants, then sized me up and picked out several beautiful suits and blouses for me and a few for herself. She led the way to the fitting rooms, suggesting we share one. I agreed happily, saying it would save time showing each other how we look.

I’d just stripped down to my bra and panties when Janelle came toward me. She looked luscious. Her cream-colored bra and thong looked awesome



# PENTHOUSESTORE.com

UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE



Boots  
& Shoes

Movies  
& DVDs



VIDEO ON DEMAND

Lingerie



Men's &  
Women's  
Apparel



Posters  
& Books



Couples  
& Toys



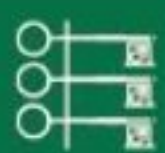
Find Us  
Online



Follow Us On







# LETTERS

against her dark-chocolate skin. When I said how hot she looked, she said she was about to tell me the same thing. I was pretty sure I was picking up the right vibes, but to be sure, I reached out and touched her arm, preparing to tell her what soft skin she had.

She was a step ahead of me. She pulled me close, so our breasts were touching, leaving no doubt that we had the same thing in mind. We kissed deeply as we fumbled with our bras. When we separated, I was really able to admire her awesome tits. They were full, with large dark nipples. I sat across from her on the cushioned bench and watched her knead her big nipples.

I slipped my fingers in my already-wet panties, ready to stroke myself, when Janelle said she wanted to see me touch myself. I slid my panties down slowly, watching the lust grow in her eyes. I made a show of licking my fingers, then rubbing them back and forth over my throbbing clit, before sliding them in my wet pussy.

"You have no idea how hot you look," Janelle said. "Seeing you finger yourself and hearing how wet you are makes me crazy to taste your juicy pussy."

"Not yet," I said. "Take off your panties and fuck yourself so I can watch."

She slipped off her panties and sat across from me, then plunged two fingers in her pussy and stroked them in and out. "Oh, that's it," I hissed. "Do it *harder!*"

We were both going at it, hard and deep. I started pinching and twisting my nipples at the same time, humping my fingers, with orgasm threatening to overtake me.

Janelle moaned in time with her thrusting fingers. "Oh, I'm coming!" she cried. I watched as her head fell back against the mirror and her face took on a look of ecstasy. I shoved my fingers hard in my cunt, and came,

flooding my hand and the cushion beneath me.

When I opened my eyes, Janelle was pulling the little bench away from the wall. There was a huge wet spot where she'd been sitting. I wondered vaguely if we'd be able to get out of the store before anyone noticed. Janelle said to come over and straddle her, and I thought, ah, fuck it!

Janelle lay back on the bench, and I swung my leg

over her. She grabbed me by my waist, pulled my pussy right over her mouth and began eating me out. With one hand on the mirror and the other jammed in my mouth, she licked and sucked my pussy like a pro. In no time I was coming, whimpering and flooding her face with my passion.

After I caught my breath, I did the only thing I could under the circumstances—I told Janelle I couldn't wait to taste her, and tried to switch places. But she said we were about out of time and needed to head back to the hotel. She was probably right, but I have a habit of not always doing the right thing. I asked if she really wanted to spend the rest of the afternoon listening to the instructor go on about stuff we could probably learn online. From the mischievous grin on her face, I knew I had her.

"I can think of lots of stuff I'd rather do," Janelle said, reaching out and cupping my breasts. "Besides, we both smell like pussy."

"You've got that right," I said. Then I leaned down and kissed her, letting my tongue sweep the inside of her mouth. I traced her lips with the tip of my tongue, then said, "We probably shouldn't go back to the hotel, though."

"We don't have to," she said. "We can go to my place. It's not far from here."

I licked a path down to Janelle's awesome tits and sucked hard on her right nipple. She let out a deep moan, then shoved me back





and said, "Let's get going."

As we got dressed, I looked at the wet spots on the cushions. "God, Janelle," I said, "look at the mess!"

She quickly flipped the cushions over, gathered up the clothing we didn't try on and said, "Problem solved!" We hung everything on the fitting-room hooks—Janelle said one of the saleswomen would put them back—and left the store. She hailed a taxi, and five minutes later we were in her condo.

We had all afternoon and then some, but I was on her as soon as we entered her bedroom. It was difficult kissing while trying to undress, but we managed it. We tumbled onto her huge bed, and I rolled on top.

"My turn," I said, squeezing Janelle's boobs together. I feasted on her, licking from one breast to the other, sucking her flesh into my mouth while she trembled and moaned beneath me. I continued kissing my way down her. When I felt between her legs, I couldn't believe how wet she was. Looking her in the eyes, I licked her pussy juices from my fingers, then dipped my head down for more. I licked all around her pussy, then slid my tongue in while rubbing her clit.

Janelle moaned for me to rub her harder and make her come, but I was enjoying not having to rush, and continued my sweet torture at a snail's pace. I had her quivering, *begging* me to make her come. When I'd satisfied my lust, I worked my fingers in her tight snatch and started screwing them in and out,

hard and fast. Her cries grew louder each time I rammed my fingers in. When she finally came, she let out a continuous moan that had me a little worried. When she finally stopped panting, she murmured something that sounded like "which."

I said, "*Which?*" She said, "I said, '*You bitch!*' You kept me right on the edge. I wanted to come so fucking bad, and you just kept me teetering on the edge."

I laughed. It wasn't the first time I'd been told that. If nothing else, I am a tease. "Feel free to turn the tables," I said. "But not before I get something to drink."

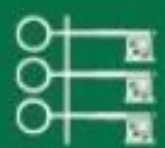
Janelle took her time getting up, and I followed her out to the dining room. We were about the same height, and she had an amazing ass, but what really got me going was her hair. With all the thrashing around she'd been doing, the micro braids had come loose and the intricate up-twist style was gone. Suddenly I had a deep desire to know how those braids would feel sweeping over my skin.

We headed back to Janelle's room with a bowl of chips and some beer and talked about leaving messages for the instructor as to why we missed the afternoon session. We both left messages with the concierge, mine having to do with a dental emergency while Janelle had, alas, succumbed to food poisoning. We wouldn't see him again anyway, since there would be a different instructor for the next day's seminar.



"What really got me was her hair. With all the thrashing, her braids had come loose. I had to know how they would feel on my skin"





With that problem taken care of, Janelle was ready to have her revenge, but as intent as she was on getting back at me for keeping her on the edge of ecstasy, I was able to maneuver her into a 69. When those silky braids touched my legs, it felt like a hundred tendrils of wickedness snaking over my skin. I was already on the verge of coming, and

Janelle hadn't done a thing. She spread me open and swiped her tongue over my clit, and I shuddered. Then we licked and sucked and humped each other in earnest. The next 20 minutes were incredible. I had one of the most intense orgasms of my life. I thought we were done, but Janelle reached in her nightstand drawer and pulled out a wicked-looking

covered I loved using it! I loved the power I felt while I slammed that big dick in Janelle's pussy. I loved fucking her doggie-style and slapping her ass while she cried out for me to spank her *harder*. Even better, I discovered that I kind of liked a little spanking *myself*! And I found that I could take a good hard fucking with that big cock when we switched places and Janelle fucked me senseless.

I certainly had an awesome afternoon, but I knew that at some point I was going to have to go back to my room. I needed to change my clothes and pick up my handouts for the next day's seminar.

Janelle reasoned that if I waited till the wee hours of the morning, I'd be less apt to run into anyone. Besides, she wanted me to hang out for a while—and I didn't really want to leave. We ended up ordering pizza, playing cards and watching porn, which of course led to more sizzling sex.

I didn't bother to hook up with anyone else while I was in Chi Town. We had such a fantastic time that I invited Janelle to visit me the next time she finds herself in L.A. Soon, I hope!—G.S., *Los Angeles, California*

Have you too dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? To share your tale of titillation, write to: *Penthouse Letters*, Dept. GG, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: [letters@ffn.com](mailto:letters@ffn.com)



**"She spread me open and swiped her tongue over my clit, and I shuddered. Then we licked and sucked and humped in earnest"**

strap-on with a huge cock.

"What the hell are you going to do with that?" I said.

"That depends," she said.

"Have you ever used one?"

"Nothing that big," I said, eyeing what had to be a ten-inch dildo.

"No problem," she said. "I'll go first."

Janelle showed me how to put on the harness, and what do you know? I dis-





**HOT & HORNY LOCAL GIRLS**  
**WOMEN GET HORNY TOO!**

Everyday thousands of local girls call free, looking for guys to share their hot fantasies with. Hear them describe themselves and their secret desires, then choose the one you want to talk with. When you hear her message, it means she's on the line NOW! Remember, *Women Get Horny Too!*

**TRY IT FREE!**  
 18+

**1-800-920-1555**



**SEX ACTION!**  
**NO CONNECT FEE!**

**25¢** Min 18+  
**1-800-955-2666**



**KINKY BLOWJOBS**

**89¢** LIVE 1-on-1 IS ONLY PER MIN

**1-866-666-TSTS**  
 8 7 8 7

Credit card / Adults 18+ only plus small \$3.89 connect fee



**Seductive & Wild!**

**FLAT RATE** \$29 GET 15 Mins. FREE

**GIRLS FROM HOME**  
**LIVE 24 HRS!**

Must Be 18+

**"Unleash your lustful desires with beautiful girls!"**  
 Buy my worn bra and panties

BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS • ASIAN • EUROPEAN  
 BI-SEXUAL • TRANS-SEXUAL • TRANSVESTITES

**1-800-256-1253**



**Let's Fantasize Together**

**I have masturbation techniques to teach you...**

**Live, 1-on-1**  
**1-877-969-GIRL**  
 \$2.98/min. 18+ 877-969-4475

**Your call is answered by a live operator—not a machine—so you get exactly what you want.**



**MATURE, WE DO IT ALL!**

- Lovely older women
- Horny housewives
- Grannies
- Lusty mamas

EXPERIENCE MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE!!

**1-888-98-OLDER**  
 6 5 3 3 7

**1-900-287-9111**

From \$1.99 per min.  
 \$2.99 - \$5.99 per min.

18+. Checks VISA M/C also



**CUM SUCKING SLUTS**

**ONLY 65¢** PER MIN LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 only .95¢ per min

Live cum sucking group action only .65¢ per min

**1-800-669-0000**  
 + Small \$2.95 connect fee / adult 18+ only / credit card



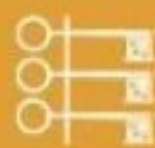
**HOT LOCAL GIRLS!**  
 Real Sex Connections

**1-800-625-1444**

**49¢** Min



# LETTERS



## Her father's friend becomes the horny daughter's secret lover

Every time I saw my dad's friend Allen I got excited. He seemed like the man of my dreams—not only tall, slim and handsome, but also charming and funny.

The day after my high school graduation was my 18th birthday, so we had a double celebration. The morning *after* my big party Allen arrived at our house on leave from the Army. I woke up hearing his wonderful voice and laugh, but being tired and a bit hung over, I stayed in bed.

After a while I heard my bedroom door being eased open. I pretended to be asleep as Allen snuck up. Suddenly he yanked the covers off the bed, evidently unaware that *I was naked underneath!* We were both speechless for a long time.

Then, slowly, he sat down on my bed and stared at my body. I couldn't help noticing his excitement.

After a moment Allen put his hand on my inner thigh, then slid it up my leg toward my furry pussy. I lay there not saying or doing anything. He squeezed my mound, then rubbed around my clit with one finger while sliding another in me. My breathing got harder, and I wiggled my hips, enjoying the sensations. He was taking a hell of a chance; my parents were still in the house and could have caught him at any second.

Allen fingered me awhile, then pulled his finger out and *put it in his mouth!* We stared in each other's eyes. The sound of Dad's voice jolted us back to reality. Allen smiled and left the room.

For a time I couldn't move. My legs were still spread slightly, and juice trickled

from my pussy. I reached between my legs, and my heavy breathing filled the room as I brought myself to climax replaying in my mind what had happened.

Later, finally getting the strength to get out of bed, I joined Allen and my parents downstairs. Allen always brought presents, but this time I got more because it was my birthday. At one point, with my parents out of earshot, he whispered that maybe he could give me "a special present" that night when everyone was asleep. All day I could hardly think of anything else.

When at last night came, I went to bed and waited and waited, but Allen didn't show up! Finally I drifted off, frustrated and sad. But after the house had been quiet for hours, I woke to hear him slipping in my room. As he approached the bed, he saw that I wasn't asleep. He smiled and dropped his shorts, then slipped under the sheets beside me.

His mouth found mine, and his tongue found its way in. We were both highly aroused. I felt his hard prick pressed against me. He fondled my breasts, then moved his hands down till his finger delved between my legs. After driving me wild with his fingers, he said it was time for my "special present." He put a pillow under my ass to give his mouth better access to my pussy, and with his expert pussy-eating brought me to a climax that had me moaning into the pillow that I'd put over my mouth to muffle the

nasty noises I was making.

When I thought I could take no more, Allen maneuvered us into 69 position. While I engulfed as much of his cock as I could, he continued driving me crazy with his tongue. When his cock twitched and throbbed in my mouth, I knew what was coming. Sure enough, he flooded my mouth with jism. I swallowed every drop.

After a quick break, I sucked him hard again, and *kept* sucking till he stopped me and rolled me over on my stomach, then spread my legs and got on me. He entered me from behind, and I raised my hips as he drove into me. He rubbed my clit, and I moaned into the pillow. In a few minutes we both came again, then collapsed. After several minutes of heavy breathing, he gave me a quick kiss and snuck out.

Allen stayed with us for two more days, and visited me twice more late at night. I was sorry when he left, but I knew he'd be back sometime.—C.R., Peoria, Illinois

## He would never give his heart again, but his cock was another story

The first time I got my heart broken, I swore I wouldn't let it happen again. It was just too painful. Maggie was the girl of my dreams. After she said I was the only guy she could ever see herself with, I found out she'd told four other guys the same thing. What a bitch!

When I met Ginny I was intrigued. She was the sweet-







est girl, with a heart as big as all outdoors. Not to mention that she was a very hot-looking chick—a natural blonde with gorgeous tits and hazel eyes that always seemed bright. We had a great deal in common, and she treated me like gold. The only problem was that Ginny was a virgin, and I would fuck anything with a pulse. No girl was off limits.

When we started dating we talked about sex. She

was all for making out, and was happy to have oral sex. I could tell she was experienced in that area. She confirmed that she'd done that often, but no one had ever penetrated her vagina. Well, as long as I was with her, I would take what I could get, and I have to say *I got it a lot*. It seemed like Ginny couldn't get enough of my cock in her mouth or my tongue in her pussy.

One time when I was

going down on her while simultaneously squeezing her tits, I felt like she might finally give in to temptation. She was wiggling around and grinding her soaked pussy in my face while grabbing at my hands, begging me to pinch her nipples. As I accommodated her request, she grabbed hold of my hair and started to pull me up to her.

Detaching my mouth from her pussy, I knelt up

close to her head so she had access to my boner. She brought her hands to it and started stroking, while urging me to keep pinching her nipples, which was really exciting her. With her legs still splayed open and her damp pussy and her clit exposed, I let one hand make its way to her snatch. She had my dick down her throat and was slurping away.

It felt so amazing, I nearly couldn't concentrate on





what I was doing. I carried on, though, and as soon as my finger came in contact with her pulsing clit, she clamped down on my cock and pulled me even farther in her throat. The harder I rubbed, the harder she sucked. While one of my hands went back and forth between her plump nipples, the other played with her wet pussy. Her steady moaning around my cock only enhanced the sensation.

As my dancing fingers

worked their magic on Ginny's engorged clit, she suddenly stopped sucking me. Her body tensed up in what can only be described as a full-body-wracking orgasm. Her convulsions shook the whole bed. As she shouted out that she was coming, my cock plopped out of her mouth. It felt like it was about to burst.

Ginny, coming down off her high, looked me in the eye, grabbed my cock and said she wanted my "big

dick" in her pussy, *now*! She managed to dig in her nightstand and pull out a condom, rip it open with her teeth, then work it down over my prick.

Could things get any better? Well, yes! Ginny, looking like one of those porn stars I'd dreamed about so many times, got up on her hands and knees with her back to me, then looking over her shoulder barked, "Fuck me good and hard." Even as wet as she was, it took a little work to get my prick in. I went slowly, so as not to hurt her, and once I got halfway in, her whole body was shaking. I kept on plunging in her, and the more I pushed in, the more excited she got.

Once I was totally in her, I really banged away. It was intense, feeling her pussy muscles contract around my shaft until I was ready to blow. I grabbed her hips, which seemed to drive her even wilder. With her face in the pillow, she came again as I plowed her with all I had. God, it was a rush when I finally shot my load, feeling like it would never stop, while she yelled her head off into the pillow.

Once we calmed down, Ginny said she had known this was the day she would give it up to me. I was so moved that regardless of my promise to myself, I knew I had to take a chance. That was eight years ago, and Ginny and I are still going strong. My heart is intact, and my cock has never had a better time.—  
*F.Y., Salt Lake City, Utah*

## After two-timing her husband, she turns to the two-timer's brother

I've written before about the Christmas party when, with my husband out of town, I let a man 19 years younger than I come back to my room. Bert was modestly hung but very horny and turned out to be damn good in the sack.

That night Bert told me about his younger brother who was hung like a horse but couldn't get laid when girls saw his erection! Bert asked if I'd let both of them come to my hotel room. With my husband out of town for several more days, I agreed to have dinner with them at six, saying we'd see where it went from there. Knowing myself, I was pretty sure I'd be getting it on with Bert again, and most likely with his brother too. Relieving a young man of his virginity is always a thrill.

I dressed to kill that evening, and don't think it was my imagination that I turned more than one head when I stepped off the elevator. Near the door to the dining room I saw Bert and another handsome young man. Tremors of excitement rippled through me knowing they both were anticipating a piece of my ass and I was probably older than the two of them put together.

I knew when Bert introduced me to Randy (was that a great name or what?) that I would willingly relieve him of his virginity if he was interested. We had a pleasant dinner without any of us consuming any alcoholic



beverages so we all clearly knew what we were doing. Randy was shy at first but gradually warmed up, and as we chatted like old pals, no one would have guessed we'd met for the purpose of having a night of hot sex.

We lingered at the table while the guys had dessert. Then I discreetly slipped Bert my extra room key, asking him to give Randy and I an hour to get acquainted before joining us. I asked Randy if he would care to come up to my room. He rose, extended his hand, and we walked hand in hand to the elevator.

When we got to the room he didn't look any too confident. I did my best to calm him by saying he didn't have to do anything he didn't want to. If he wanted, we could just sit and talk. I sat on the turned-down bed, and he joined me. He kissed me briefly, then said, "Did Bert tell you I'm a virgin?"

I nodded and said, "You know, we're all virgins to begin with." When he didn't say anything, I said, "Losing it is a beautiful thing, and I'm honored that you would even consider sharing this moment with me."

He said, "I did touch a girl's breast once, and the crotch of her jeans. Then she discovered I had what she called a 'horse cock,' and that was the end of it."

I told him I'd never seen a cock I couldn't handle, and that I would love to see his. I said he could even ejaculate in me since I couldn't get pregnant. I said, "I'm not wearing anything under

this dress, if you'd like to take it off me and see if what you find interests you."

I stood with my back to him and asked him to unzip me. As my dress floated to the floor, he feasted his eyes on my naked backside. I turned around slowly facing him, boldly displaying my full, round breasts and my pussy—all I had to offer.

very aroused knowing he was experiencing this act for the first time.

In time he raised his head and seemed happy but still unsure what to do. "Would you like to show me that horse cock of yours?" I said. "I'm dying to see it."

I sat up to watch Randy disrobe, and was delighted when he dropped his shorts

and a genuinely big cock flopped out. It was too heavy to stand straight up like most young men's erections I'd seen.

"It's beautiful, Randy," I said. "Would you like me to suck it?"

He went straight from relief to excitement. "God, yes!" he said.

I took the big head in my



He breathed deeply, then surprised me by boldly pressing his face to my crotch and inhaling my musky scent. I widened my stance to allow him access to the long wet lips. He took hold of my hips and turned me around, then laid me on the bed and explored the fleshy folds of my cunt with his lips, tongue and fingers. Although he had no idea what he was doing and missed licking the most important places, I became

**"Would you like to show me that horse cock of yours?' I said. 'I'm dying to see it.' I was delighted when Randy dropped his shorts"**



mouth, causing it to throb as if he was ejaculating. He stepped back and cried, "Please don't! I'll come, and I want to be inside you when I blow my first wad with a woman."

I lay back and raised and spread my legs wide and said, "Your first piece of ass awaits. Come and get it."

He climbed on me kind of clumsily, poking and prodding everywhere but the right place until I guided him to the mouth of my cunt. Surprisingly, he eased in slowly instead of ramming it in. I appreciated it, as it was some time since I'd had a man so well-endowed. At last I felt his balls press against my anus and knew I'd taken all of him in.

He just froze there, balls-



**"I rotated my hips and squeezed my inner muscles and Randy soon caught on and started thrusting steadily until he was pounding me"**

deep, breathing rapidly for half a minute. Then he said, "My God, that feels incredible." I told him to just move his hips and the rest would come naturally. I met his first thrust with one of my own, and that was all it took. He exploded, sending gush after gush of cream into me.

He burst into tears, saying, "Damn it, I wanted that to last all night, and it's all over just like that."

I hugged him and said, "I don't want to see any tears except tears of happiness. Lover, you've just become a man. That wasn't the end, it was the *beginning*. We don't even have to wait till you get hard again. Didn't you notice that you're *still rock-hard*? Your cock obviously wants more pussy. I love the feel of that fantastic cock stretching my pussy, and I want to be fucked all night. Baby, pour

that hot cock back in me."

I rotated my hips and squeezed my inner muscles and Randy soon caught on and started thrusting steadily until he was pounding me like a jackhammer. His strokes were long and hit my engorged clit perfectly and brought me to a lovely orgasm shortly before he shot a second load in me.

He rolled off to my side, leaving his half-hard cock lying across my thigh as we caught our breath. I just couldn't keep my hands off that beautiful tool, and soon had him up and ready for another round. I pushed him onto his back, then straddled him and lowered myself onto that natural wonder. I began sliding my pussy slowly up and down his cock. His eyes followed

my bouncing breasts, and his hands came up to cup them and tweak the pebble-hard nipples.

I was still fucking Randy in this position when *Bert appeared, stark naked and sporting wood*, after quietly letting himself in the room. He stroked his eager cock and watched until his brother fuck me until he unloaded in me again.

I slipped off and got on my back with my legs up and spread, beckoning for Bert to mount me while a river of Randy's come ran down me onto the sheet. In less than 15 seconds after I disengaged from Randy's cock, Bert's was churning away in me, making lewd wet noises. He whispered, "Oh God, Trish, I can't believe how tight your pussy



LETTERS TO  
**PENTHOUSE®**



HOT AND HORNY IN CLASS

The Editors of *Penthouse* Magazine

On sale January 2012 wherever fine  
books are sold or order online at

 **PENTHOUSESTORE.com**  
UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE 아름답게



still is. This feels fucking incredible."

Bert's cock may have been a lot smaller than Randy's, but he knew a lot more about what to do with it, and once again we had a gorgeous fuck, within minutes reaching climax simultaneously. I honestly don't remember how many times each of them hosed me, but the brothers tag-fucked me for several hours, until neither could get it up. We fell

asleep in a tangle, with Randy's limp cock lodged in my cunt.

In the morning they took turns fucking me, each stopping short of unleashing a load, over and over, until finally Randy lost it, followed shortly by Bert. We ordered up breakfast, then spent the day in bed. They continued screwing me all day, pacing themselves by switching off whenever they got near coming. I'd never

experienced as much continuous cock hammering away at my pussy as they gave me that day.

I refused to give them anal when they asked, since there was no way I was going to even *try* taking Randy up my seldom-used ass. They didn't argue, but seemed to get their second wind and continued pounding my pussy all the more. Thank God they wore themselves down, and I got a good night's sleep Sunday night, only being awakened three times to put out, once to Bert and twice to Randy.

In the morning I sent them on their way, without giving them my last name or phone number when they asked. I just thanked them for an unforgettable weekend. Bert thanked me for giving him the mature experience, and Randy thanked me for being his first, promising that he would always remember me and the pleasure I'd given him taking his cherry.—*P.J., Vancouver, British Columbia*

## You never know which direction opportunity may strike from

As a horny 19-year-old all I thought about was sex. Between porn mags and videos, I'd jerk off two or three times a day.

My initiation to actual sex came unexpectedly. I lived then with my dad and stepmom, who I never got along with that well. I was kind of glad she didn't consider me responsible enough to take care of her darling daughter.

Whenever she had to leave the kid alone, instead of bothering me she hired a sitter, most often the single lady next door.

I thought of the neighbor, Annette, as ancient, but she probably wasn't more than 40, and it didn't escape my notice that she was hot. So even though I thought of her as in league with my evil stepmom, that didn't stop me from fantasizing about Annette while jerking off. (Come on, *nothing* stopped me from jerking off!)

Speaking of which, one night when I had the house to myself—Dad had taken my stepmom and the squirt to the movies—I was taking advantage of having the run of the place by jerking off on the couch in the living room while watching porn on the big-screen TV. Suddenly the front door opened and in walked Annette!

I tried to cover myself up, but it was too late. Her eyes widened as they took in the picture before her. She was mumbling something about having rung the bell over and over and finally letting herself in with her key (she had a key), and I realized that maybe the doorbell *had* been ringing and I'd paid it no attention. My face felt so flushed that it burned.

Annette must have explained what she was doing there, but all I was aware of was her standing staring at me. Finally she said, "Well, it looks like you've certainly grown up." Then she came over and sat on the edge of the couch. She turned her attention to the porn flick still





playing on the TV. I buried my face in a sofa cushion.

Annette said really gently, "It's okay, Edward, don't be embarrassed. All guys do this. It's natural." She was very sympathetic, and I felt very relieved. Then she did something I never expected. She reached over and put her hand on my cock and said she could help me finish what she'd interrupted. She rubbed me slowly, and I soon began to get hard again. This was all so unreal to me, but I wasn't complaining. Not at all!

There was gossip about Annette, and why she lived alone, but it sure wasn't on account of her looks, which as I indicated were just fine. At that particular moment I was especially aware of her big solid tits and nice round, firm ass. By now I had a raging hard-on, and she was pumping with a faster motion.

She saw my eyes were focused on the front of her blouse and asked if I'd like to see her tits. All I could do was nod. She let go of my cock so she could undo the blouse, and slipped it off. She had on a pink bra that pushed her big tits together and showed a lot of cleavage. She slid it off her shoulders and then unhooked it. Her tits were huge, as large as any in any magazine or porn flick I'd seen. The nipples were erect and huge. She arched her back so they stuck out even farther, then shook them gently from side to side.

She asked if I liked them, but I was too excited to



speak, so once again all I could do was nod. She reached back down and resumed stroking me with one hand, then reached over with the other hand to fondle my balls.

In much too short of a time I was ready to come. I reached for a tissue, but Annette shook her head just perceptibly, then leaned over until my missile was aimed between her tits and stroked even faster until I started to shoot. She quickly

**"She put her hand on my cock and said she could help me finish what she'd interrupted. This was all so unreal, but I wasn't complaining"**





**“I almost always shot my come on her tits, but on special occasions she would strip naked and let me see her pussy and play with it”**

let go of my balls and squeezed her tits together and let me shoot right into her cleavage. She kept milking my cock lovingly till I was dry, with my semen splattered all over her tits. She let me look at it for a while, then kissed me on the forehead and went to clean herself off.

This began a repeat occurrence for as long as I continued to live with my dad—sometimes in our house, sometimes in Annette’s. She let me play with her tits and suck her big nipples. I almost always shot my come on her tits, but on special occasions she would strip naked and let me see her pussy and play with it, but she never let me fuck her no matter how I tried. However, she did eventually start sucking my dick and on occasion swallowed. But no fucking.

Either way I’m thankful to Annette for a memorable introduction to sex.—*E.H., Las Vegas, Nevada*

### On one trip she enjoys both a newbie and an oldie but goodie

One of my company’s oldest customers called to say he’d sold out to a couple of enterprising young men and was retiring to Florida. It didn’t shock me, since Brian’s wife had passed away awhile back. He said he would like to introduce me to the new owners in hopes we could continue doing business.

I talked it over with my boss, who agreed it was an account worth trying to save. I booked a flight and managed to arrange two days’ worth of meetings with other clients and potential clients in the area before my meeting at Brian’s company.

It was a late-afternoon flight, scheduled so I could get a decent night’s sleep before that first early-morning meeting. What with

dealing with one thing and another before heading for the airport, I didn’t eat anything all day, and by the time I arrived at my hotel I was starving. After checking in, I had the presence of mind to order room service. I ate in my room and slept well.

For two days I focused on my meetings, which were all incredibly productive. After my last appointment on the second day, while I was relaxing at the hotel bar waiting for a table in the dining room, I met a young marine named Peter, in town on some kind of recruiting tour and departing the next morning. When his table was ready, he asked if I would join him, and I accepted on condition that he let me pick up the check. I said it was the least I could do for a man serving our country.

Needless to say our evening didn’t end in the dining room. By nine we were in my room, where Peter said he’d always dreamed of making love to an older woman, and if he wasn’t mistaken, he thought I was about to make his dream come true. I told him I was a married woman away from home for the week, and I was lonely and could make his dream come true, but he had to be careful not to leave any marks on me.

I began to take my clothes off, and Peter watched wide-eyed, not missing a thing. I was showing off—I’m damn proud of my 40-year-old body. (It takes a lot of work to keep it in this shape!) So I was gratified to hear him gasp when I slipped off my



**COMMAND ME MASTER!**



**1-800 TIE ME UP**  
8 4 3  
6 3  
8 7

18+

**KINKY BLOWJOBS**

**89** **¢** **PER MIN**  
LIVE 1-on-1 IS ONLY

**1-866-666-TSTS**  
8 7 8 7  
Credit card / Adults 18+ only  
plus small \$3.89 connect fee

**HOT LOCAL GIRLS!**

Real Sex Connections



**49** **¢** **Min**

**1.800 625.1444**

**MATURE**

**Fuck BUDDIES!**



- Grannies
- Mature Sluts
- Older Women
- No Taboos

**1-888 214-FUCK**  
3 8 2 5  
\$2.00 per min. - 10 Minute min.

18+. Checks     also 

**DANIELLE'S Lip Service**

CALL AND EXPERIENCE YOUR WILDEST PHONE SEX FANTASIES!

PERSONAL, PRIVATE AND DISCREET, ALL FETISHES WELCOMED.  
FIND US ON THE WEB AT:  
[danielleslipservice.com](http://danielleslipservice.com)

**1-773 935-4995**

**1 ON 1** OR OUR UNBELIEVABLE TWO GIRL FANTASY!

18+

Have you **CALLED GRANDMA** Today?



**LIVE 1 ON 1** **\$10**

**1-888-2-OLDER69**

18+



**FUCK ME!**

**1.888 808.5666**

18+

**Call us!**



We want to play with your cock!

**\$2.98/min. Live, 1-on-1**

**1-877-992-GIRL**

18+ NO Connect Fee! 1-877-992-4475

**COMMAND ME MASTER!**

**1-800 TIE ME UP**  
8 4 3  
6 3  
8 7



18+

**NASTY & HORNY SLUTS ONLY**

**89** **¢** **PER MIN**  
LIVE ONE-ON-ONE

**1-800-TO-WHORE**  
8 6 9 4 6 7 3  
Credit card / adults 18+ only





**“I felt his cock jerk as he released another load—not a large one, but still, his third in hardly any time! Then it softened and slithered out”**

bra. At the same time, I had to wonder how much action this boy had had, especially unexpected given how cute he was. Yes, he seemed awfully young, but even so—

As I hooked my thumbs in my panties the phone rang, causing Peter to jump about a foot in the air. It was my husband calling to say good night. I told him how well the day’s meetings had gone, and said I was in bed

reading before I went to sleep. I think he bought it.

After hanging up, I turned to find Peter about to cut and run, afraid we’d been busted. I told him not to worry, that my husband was 500 miles away and we wouldn’t be disturbed again. While I peeled off my panties, he fumbled his way out of his clothes. When he dropped his shorts, his drill sergeant would have been

proud of how straight and tall his tool stood at attention. I figured his sturdy five-and-a-half-inch weapon should be enough to fulfill my needs. Given his age, I was pretty sure his gun was a fully loaded semi-automatic that could fire repeated loads.

I turned down the bed and crawled near the center. I rolled over on my back and said, “Let me help you put that big throbbing tool at ease, general.” He wasn’t taking his eyes off my cunt and meanwhile was trying unsuccessfully to roll a condom on inside out. I told him I didn’t want him using a rubber, that I liked it bareback. He clambered to position himself between my legs and lowered himself frantically toward my smoldering snatch. He

wasn’t anywhere near his target when his gun went off, scattering spunk from my neck to my pussy.

He was visibly upset when the last drops of jism dripped onto my cunt and his erection began to wilt. Suddenly he collapsed on top of me, and I had a feeling he was crying! I held him with my left arm while working the right between our come-smeared bodies and grasping his limp cock. As I hoped, it became hard again almost as quickly as it had become soft. I wiggled my hips and fed him into my pussy, only to feel him throb as he came again, inside me.

This time he didn’t lose his erection, but remained hard inside me. If he’d been crying, he wasn’t anymore. Now he pumped his hips slowly while whispering, “Oh-mygod, that feels incredible. You’re so beautiful, and I’m inside you, and we’re fucking! *I’m fucking you!*” Followed by: “Oh damn, I can’t stop it, I’m coming again!”

I felt his cock jerk again as it released another load—not a large one, but still, it was his third in hardly any time at all! Then it softened and slithered out, followed by a small river of his come, which trickled down the crack of my ass.

He looked at me and said, “You probably guessed this was the first time I’ve ever gotten it into a woman’s box. It’s always gone off before I could manage that. Thank you so much. I will never forget you.

I held him and comforted





him. I told him every one of us has to lose our virginity sometime, after all, and I considered myself fortunate to have done the job for a hot hunk like him. I added, "Nobody was more scared than I was when I lost my virginity to an older man, but once he popped my cherry I fucked him all night. And now I want you to fuck me all night. I'd like to be the best first piece of ass any young man ever had."

My handsome young marine did fuck me all night, allowing me very little sleep, until he had to rush out to catch up with the rest of his recruiting team. I called the desk and asked them to hold off cleaning my room until afternoon, and to wake me at 11. Then I slept until the call came.

I got to Brian's plant—or rather his former plant—right on time that afternoon and met the new owners, Ray and Louis, who assured me that at Brian's recommendation they had every hope of continuing to give us their business. We had a brief discussion of terms, and to my surprise they said they were sold and ready to sign as soon as I could get them a contract!

This seemed like a good time to get my boss on the phone. He was delighted, and said he could overnight the contract—would I mind staying over another night? I said of course, and after hanging up told Ray and Louis I would have the contract for them in the morning. That seemed to please them, and they said they

were looking forward to it.

I excused myself to make a few calls. The hotel had no trouble holding my room for the extra night, and the airline rebooked my flight for the following afternoon. My husband sounded disappointed but understanding. "At least it's been a productive trip," he said.

"Are you kidding?" I said. "I've done six months' worth of business in these few days. I promise to make it up to you when I get home."

When I finished, I found Brian all by himself, offering Ray and Louis's apologies for having to go on to another meeting but saying they looked forward to seeing me again in the morning. Sounding wistful, Brian said he would miss having meetings to have to go to.

"Now, Brian," I said, "if anyone's earned the right to blow off all future meetings, it's you. Look what you've built here, and in what excellent hands you're leaving it. Speaking of which, how do I ever thank you for whatever you did to sell Ray and Louis on my company?"

"No need, sweetie," he said. "They're good boys, and smart. Smart enough to understand how well you've done for us. But if you'd like to humor an old man, you might have dinner with me."

"Shit, Brian," I said, then caught myself. "Sorry about my language. It's just that I'm wiped out from this trip. I was planning to just go back to the hotel and crash."

"Will you still be around tomorrow?" he asked. I said I was flying out immediately





**"When our lips parted, I whispered, 'Please don't fuck me out here in the hall. Let me unlock the door.' Minutes later we tumbled into bed"**

after meeting Ray and Louis.

I felt as bad as Brian did. We'd done business for 19 years. "Shit," I said, rallying, "let me just take a nap, and pick me up at the hotel at six. Well, make it seven."

Sure enough, when Brian called up from the lobby at seven on the dot (he always had a thing about punctuality!), I was dressed and feeling okay—and glad we had managed to salvage the dinner. He was a sweetheart as well as a good businessman. I was going to miss him.

He said the hotel dining room was fine with him, but again we had to wait for a table. We each had a couple of cocktails while we waited.

I was glad not to have to get through dinner sober.

We had an outstanding time, celebrating the history of our business relationship and focusing on Brian's anticipation of retirement. Afterward he insisted on seeing me up to my room. At the door I turned to say good night and was caught off guard when he embraced me and laid a kiss on my lips, one of the most passionate I ever had. I realized that his hand was under my dress massaging my pussy

ning fast, long and teasing.

He asked if I was all right, and I whispered, "I want you to fuck me, Brian."

He moved between my legs as I lifted and spread them to receive him. His cock was even smaller than Peter the marine's, but the knobby head really stimulated the mouth of my vagina, and I quickly felt my arousal building. He fucked me with short, rapid strokes for 20, maybe 30 minutes, until I exploded and he did too.

In the morning I woke him by sucking his cock, trying to give him as good as he'd given me. He held my head as he spewed in my mouth. He gave me a repeat performance, then dressed and sped home to change for the meeting with Ray and Louis.

I picked up the overnight envelope at the desk and met Brian there. The meeting went off without a hitch, and so did my return trip, during which I pondered the range of male experience levels I experienced on this triumphant trip. At home my husband greeted me with champagne, and no potentially awkward questions (our version of "don't ask, don't tell"). I was relieved.—T.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota



through my skimpy panties.

When our lips parted, I whispered, "Please don't fuck me out here in the hall. Let me unlock the door." Minutes later we tumbled into bed. I was naked, but Brian still had his boxers on as he dived down and ate me out more masterfully than any man had ever done. His tongue was light-

**What do you remember most about losing your cherry? Was it the person, the place or something else? Let us know what your first time was like. Send your letters to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department LI, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: [letters@ffn.com](mailto:letters@ffn.com)**



**HOT LOCAL GIRLS!**  
Real Sex Connections

**1-800  
625-1444**

**49¢** Min

18+

**LIVE 1-ON-1  
is ONLY...**

**89¢** PER MIN

Wet rides for pocket change

**1-800-3825**

plus a tiny \$3.89 connect fee. Credit cards, Check by Phone. Adults 18+ only

I'll ride without a credit card  
1-900-289-9999  
Only \$2.98 per min. + .98¢ connection fee

**KINKY BLOWJOBS**

**89¢** PER MIN

**LIVE 1-on-1 IS ONLY**

**1-866-666-TSTS** 8787

Credit card / Adults 18+ only  
plus small \$3.89 connect fee

**NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!**

**TRY ME FREE!**

**1-800  
641-9666**

18+

**LOCAL PUSSY**  
No Connect Fee!

**25¢** MIN 18+

**1-888-891-8700**

**Seductive & Wild!**

**FLAT RATE** GET 15 Mins. FREE  
\$29

**GIRLS FROM HOME LIVE 24 HRS!**

Must Be 18+

**"Unleash your lustful desires with beautiful girls!"**  
Buy my worn bra and panties

BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS • ASIAN • EUROPEAN  
BI-SEXUAL • TRANS-SEXUAL • TRANSVESTITES

**1-800-256-1253**

**A little extra...  
for your XXXtra pleasures**

**1-800  
TS-SLUTS** 8775887

ADULTS 18+ ONLY

uncover your fantasy

\$2.98-\$3.98 per/min. plus a small \$2.98 connect fee. Credit card





# All

**Ah, the joy of seeing a hard, hunky specimen of manmeat and just going for it! A simple romp in the sack, or a hardcore fuckfest meant to last the whole weekend—the choice is hers.**





# about Her









The unbridled passion. The intensity that is ever-present due to the anonymity of it all. And he eats pussy like a pro! Yes, this is what she lives for!





**Damn, that monster  
feels so amazing filling  
her up and touching  
her in places she never  
thought possible. Bliss!**











**Reveling in the rapture of an orgasm that has ripped through her entire body, she dreams of how she will take him next. His juice upon her hot flesh lets her know she's WINNING!**







# SPOTLIGHT ON

## KINKY COUGARS

He used to be just the neighbors' kid.  
Now he was a sexy stud of a soldier.  
And he was hot for my wife . . .

My wife Jean and I live in the suburbs of the city where I work as a sales manager for a large manufacturing company. At 44, Jean is three years younger than me, and she is now and always has been a beautiful woman. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs about 125 pounds and is still firm in all the right places. She has dark shoulder-length hair, great legs, and her well-rounded ass is only slightly larger than when we were first married. Her 34C boobs are still spectacular, with large dark nipples which have always been a special turn-on for me. So it is not surprising that she still turns heads whenever we go out.

Jean and I have always had a great sex life. We have never been afraid to experiment and try new things, which has been a real plus in our marriage. I can get usually get her off three or four times when I go down on her, and she loves to suck my cock and will often take me to climax that way, and swallow my load. Once in a while we even have anal sex. We like to role play, and from time to time we go out to a bar and Jean will pretend to come on to a guy, or give a stranger a flash of her tits or her pussy, after which we run home and fuck like rabbits. She enjoys knowing she can still attract male attention, and I enjoy watching other guys trying to make out with her. We even talked about having a threesome, and discussed guys we know who we thought we might approach, but we never actually followed through on that idea.

But what I want to tell you about happened quite by accident. There was no plan; it just happened.

Ned and his wife Kim have been our next-door neighbors from the time we moved into our present home, some years ago. They are a few years older than us, and they have a grown-up son named Ike. He was about 15 when we became neighbors, and we sometimes hired him to cut the grass or clean the sidewalks in the winter. After he went to college we mostly lost contact with him, though we would see him occasionally when he came home on holidays. He joined the ROTC in college, and after graduation decided on a career in the military. After that we saw him even more rarely, but that all changed this past summer, when Ike came home on a long furlough.

In order to celebrate his homecoming, Jean and I decided to have a cookout for him and his folks. When they arrived neither Jean nor I could get over the change in Ike. He had always been tall and fairly good-looking, but looking at him now in his swimsuit, it was evident how the years in the military had changed him. At six feet one, he looked to be a good 210 pounds of raw muscle. His posture was ramrod straight, and he carried himself with the air of the military officer he was.

We were all wearing swimsuits, and as we sat around the pool I couldn't help noticing that Ike spent a good part of the evening looking at my wife. Jean had on a two-piece suit that showed off her body, but she did not











# SPOTLIGHT ON



**"All at once she spread her legs and cried, 'Oh, baby, rub me harder, honey, I'm almost there! Oh fuck, that feels so good! Harder, baby, oh God I'm coming now!'"**

seem to notice Ike's constant looks. As the evening wore on I could tell that he was fighting to conceal his hard-on, and to be honest, I was having the same problem as I watched him admiring my wife.

Around nine o'clock Ned and Kim went home, but I invited Ike to stay and have another drink. During the next hour or so the tone of the party took a noticeable turn. It was evident that Ike was flirting with my wife, and he had stopped trying to conceal the erection in his trunks. Jean kept blushing, but I knew she was enjoying the attention he was giving her. At one point I found an excuse to go into the house and leave them alone, and as I watched them from a window his flirting seemed to get much more intense. I couldn't hear what they said, but I could tell by Jean's reaction that it wasn't casual chitchat.

Later that night, as we were lying in bed, I said to her, "Baby, did you happen to notice Ike's admiring looks this evening? He couldn't take his eyes off you the whole time he was here, and he had a hard time trying to hide his boner."

Jean giggled a little. "You should have heard what he said to me when you weren't there," she said. "God, honey, I couldn't believe it. He actually told me how beautiful I was, and said he'd always had a crush on me. I told him that was silly, because I was almost old enough to be his mother. He said he didn't care, and that he'd always felt that way, and still does."

I was now really intrigued, and asked her what else Ike had said. She hesitated a second, and even blushed a little before she spoke. "He asked if I had ever cheated on you," she told me. "And when I told him no, he asked if I had ever considered it."

"And how did you answer that?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I told him I thought probably most people at one time or other think about that sort of thing. And

then he said . . . well . . . he said that if I wanted to take that step, he hoped I would consider him."

While she was telling me this I had taken her into my arms and had begun to rub her breasts and stomach. "And how did you reply to that?" I asked, and I slipped my hand under her panties and began to finger her pussy.

"Oh God, honey, I didn't answer him. I wasn't sure what to say, or how I felt about what he was saying. Or what you might think about it."

"Well, I'll tell you," I said. "If he ever asks you again, tell him that if you ever did take a lover, he would be the first guy you would choose. And just so you know sweetheart I think he would be a perfect choice."

At that point she sank back against me, and I knew that between the excitement of what she had just told me and the stimulation of my fingers, she was close to a climax. All at once she spread her legs and cried, "Oh, baby, rub me harder, honey, I'm almost there! Oh fuck, that feels so good! Harder, baby, harder. Oh God I'm there, ahhh ohhhh I'm coming now!

And she did.

For the next three days, when I came home from work each night, Jean would tell me that Ike had come over to see her during the day, and had openly flirted with her. I could tell that this was definitely having an effect on her, because each night when we went to bed she was wonderfully randy. Then, on the fourth night, she told me that earlier that day Ike had kissed her in the kitchen. She said it had just been a short kiss at first, but when he kissed her again she felt his tongue seeking entrance to her mouth, and they ended up sharing a deep tongue kiss that left her breathless.

When she finished telling me this I asked her how she felt about it. At first she said nothing, but finally she looked at me and said, "I know I shouldn't have, baby, but I have to admit I actually enjoyed it."



"That's okay, sweetheart," I reassured her. "You know, I've already told you that if you ever want to take a lover, Ike would be a perfect choice. Anyway, nothing has really happened except that a really nice-looking young guy has flirted with you and kissed you. I'm not surprised you responded to him. It's only natural."

I could tell she was still feeling unsure, however, and after a long pause she said, "I just don't know, honey. I mean, do you really feel okay about me letting him kiss me? And kissing him back? Not to mention that this is the boy we watched grow up next door to us."

"So what?" I said. "Look, baby, whatever happens I will love you, and I will know you love me, all right? And as for Ike, he is no longer a boy; he's very much a man, and from where I stand, one hell of a hunk of a man to boot."

Jean said nothing more at that point, but that night our sex was out of this world.

The following day I was scheduled to fly to a sales meeting in another state, which would keep me away for three days. That morning, as we said goodbye, I said jokingly, "I'll see you in three days, sweetie, but if you get lonely just give Ike a call."

"Don't be silly," Jean said, kissing me. "Just hurry home as soon as you can."

The meeting went well for the first two days, and each evening I called Jean and we talked about the day's events. On the second night she told me that Ike had been over again, and there was something in her voice that sounded funny. I asked her what had happened, but she didn't reply right away. "It's all right, baby, you can tell me," I said. And to my surprise I felt myself start to get hard in anticipation.

"I didn't mean for it to happen, baby," she said finally. "He kissed me again today. Well, he kissed me more than once. And then he . . ." She stopped, and as I waited for her to go

on I opened my pants, took out my stiffening cock and started stroking it. "While we kissed he . . . he kept rubbing my bottom," she went on. "And he even played with my breasts a little before I could bring myself to make him stop." She paused. "Then before I realized it he was pulling my skirt up in back and my blouse was open and he was touching me."

At that point I lost it and came, shooting semen all over my chest and hand. "Baby?" I heard Jean say. "Are you angry with me?"

I had to clear my throat. "No, sweetie, I'm not," I told her. "I can understand how it happened, and I'm fine with it, really." Then I said, "But promise me one thing, okay? Just promise me that if anything more happens, you will tell me about it." When she didn't say anything I decided to come clean. "Listen, baby," I said. "Just now while you were telling me how he played with your ass and your tits, it made me so hot I had to jack off just from listening to you."

"Oh my God!" Jean said then. "You really want me to do it, don't you? You want me to do it with him."

"Only if you really want to," I said. "But I think you do. And yes, the idea really turns me on. It makes me hot as hell to think about him fucking you."

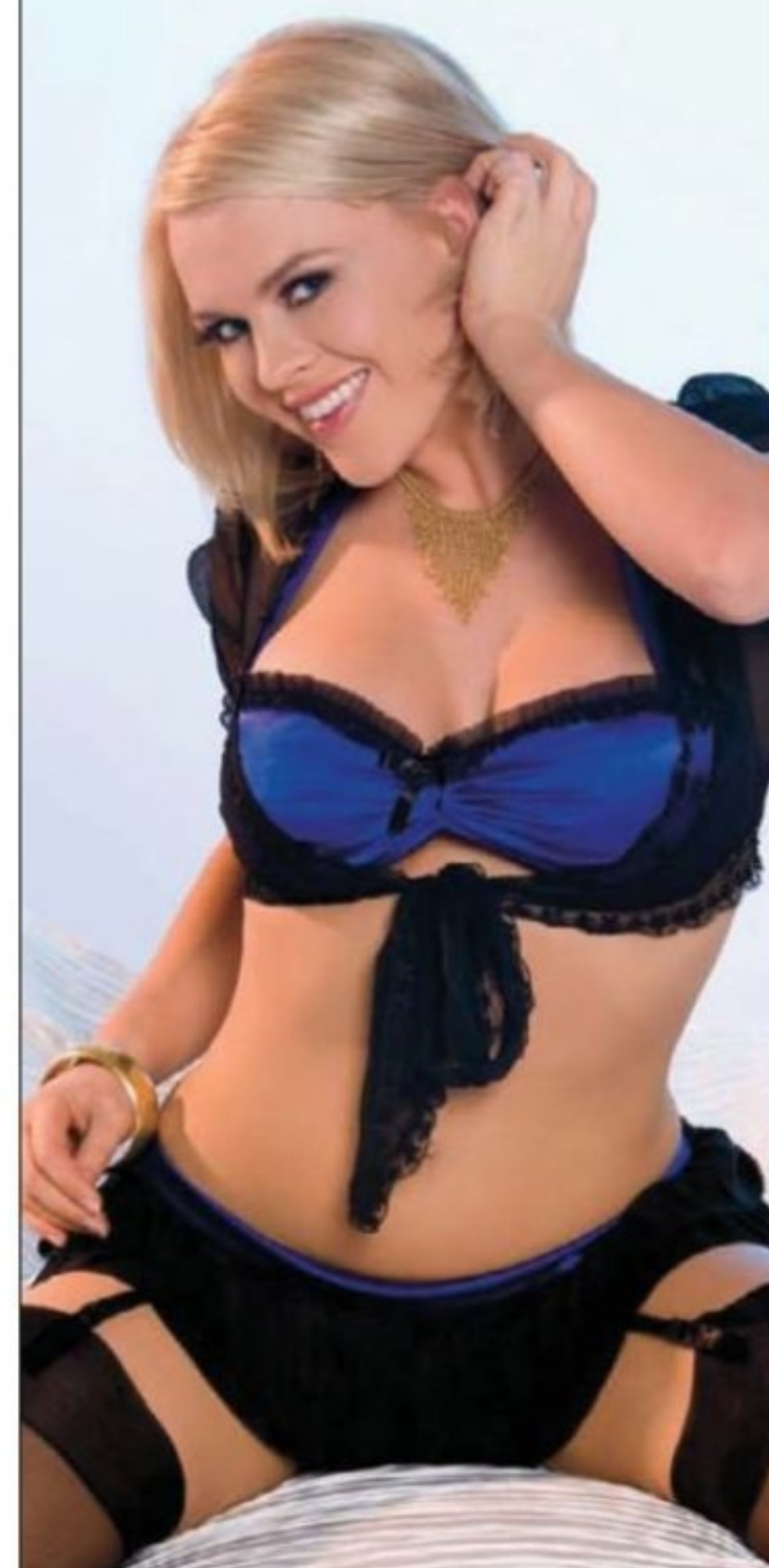
It took a moment for her to take this in. "I don't . . . I don't know if I could actually go that far," she said finally. "But whatever happens, I promise to tell you about it."

"Good," I said. We talked a few more minutes and then hung up. But all that night I couldn't help forming pictures in my mind of our neighbors' soldier son fucking my wife.

The next morning when I got to the sales meeting I learned that the scheduled speaker for that afternoon had taken sick, which meant the conference would end around noon. I quickly got on the phone and got an early flight home, which got me in about three o'clock that same day.

# SPREAD YOUR MESSAGE: ADVERTISE!

If your ad isn't in  
PENTHOUSE LETTERS,  
VARIATIONS, FORUM or  
GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE,  
you're missing an  
incredible opportunity  
to sell to your most ideal  
consumers. To showcase  
your website or products in  
this magazine or in other  
PENTHOUSE sophisticate  
titles, contact Rich McEntee  
at 212-702-6149 or  
rmcentee@ffn.com







## SPOTLIGHT ON



**“He leaned down and kissed each nipple, then moved back and forth between them, sucking at her tits until her nipples were standing out like bullets”**

I took a taxi from the airport, and by four o'clock I was at my house. I had not called Jean to pick me up, telling myself I wanted to surprise her; but the truth was that I was hoping I might find her with Ike. As it turned out, I was not disappointed.

As soon as I entered the house I could hear voices coming from the den. There was no doubt whose they were, and my heart was beating a mile a minute as I moved silently to a place where I could see into the den without being seen. What I saw nearly caused me to come in my pants. Jean was sitting with her butt on the very edge of a bar stool, facing Ike, who was kissing her as he stood wedged between her legs, spreading them open. He had on a T-shirt and shorts, while Jean was wearing a light summer dress that buttoned down the front.

When the kiss ended Jean said breathlessly, “Ike, we really should stop. We shouldn’t be doing this.” But her voice lacked real conviction, and Ike seemed to know it. He kissed her

again, his tongue pushing into her mouth, and at the same time started to unbutton her dress. She pulled away from the kiss and again told him he should stop, but she made no attempt to actually stop him. I knew then for sure that she wasn’t going to.

When he had undone the last button and pushed her dress open he kissed her again, and this time I could see her tongue playing back and forth with his as her breathing grew more shallow. When the kiss ended he slowly slid the dress off, leaving my beautiful wife clad in only her sexy bra and panties. My cock was rock-hard as I watched him kiss her once more, after which he picked her up in his arms and carried her toward the bedroom.

I managed to duck back and avoid discovery before following him. When I got to the bedroom I was thankful to see that the door was wide open, since obviously they thought they had the house to themselves. I also realized that when I stood to one side I had a good view of the bed in the mirror over the dresser, with little chance of being seen myself. As I looked in I saw Jean lying on the bed, still clad in bra and panties, and Ike standing there pulling off his T-shirt. He kicked his shoes off and then, as Jean looked on, undid his shorts and let them fall to the floor, leaving him in only his boxers.

“God, Jean,” Ike said then, “I have dreamed of this moment for so long!” He then got on the bed and slowly unhooked her bra, taking it off as if he were unwrapping a present. With her breasts now in full view, he leaned down and kissed each nipple, then moved back and forth between them, licking and sucking at her tits until her nipples were hard and standing out like bullets. She was breathing harder now, and when he reached for her panties she raised her butt from the bed, allowing him to slip them down her legs and off.

He could not seem to take his eyes off her brown bush as she lay there



**NASTY & HORNY SLUTS**  
**ONLY**  
**89**  
**LIVE ONE-ON-ONE**  
**¢ PER MIN**  
**1-800-TO-WHORE**  
 8 6 9 4 6 7 3  
 Credit card / adults 18+ only

**NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!**  
**TRY ME FREE!**  
**1-800 641-9666**  
 18+

**Cock Sucking Sluts!**  
**\$10 Buck Phone Fuck!**  
**1.800.440.1147**  
 All Major Credit Cards Accepted.  
**NO Connect Fee!**  
 18+

**Let's Fantasize Together**  
 Your call is answered by a live operator—not a machine—so you get exactly what you want.  
**I have masturbation techniques to teach you...**  
**Live, 1-on-1**  
**1-877-969-GIRL**  
 \$2.98/min. 18+ 877-969-4475

**MY LIPS**  
**YOUR COCK!**  
**GET 15 Mins. FREE**  
**ALL GIRLS FROM HOME**  
 • HOT BLONDES, BRUNETTES, REDHEADS  
 • EUROPEAN, ASIAN AND LOCAL SLUTS  
 • BI-SEXUAL, SHE-MALES  
 • HOUSEWIVES & COLLEGE SLUTS  
**BUY MY WORN BRA AND PANTIES**  
 \$26.99 Flat/Per Call 18+  
**1-800-508-7725**

**KINKY BLOWJOBS**  
**LIVE 1-on-1 IS ONLY**  
**89**  
**¢ PER MIN**  
**1-866-666-TSTS**  
 Credit card / Adults 18+ only plus small \$3.89 connect fee  
 8 7 8 7

**CUM SUCKING SLUTS**  
**ONLY**  
**65**  
**¢ PER MIN**  
**LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 only .95¢ per min**  
**Live cum sucking group action only .65¢ per min**  
**1-800-669-0000**  
 + Small \$2.95 connect fee / adult 18+ only / credit card



## For Creative Fantasies and Stimulating Conversation

**800-376-0211**  
 or visit [www.enchantrix.com](http://www.enchantrix.com)

If you're thinking of calling a phone sex line, you're probably looking for arousing, hot talk and an explosive orgasm at the end. but sometimes, you're hoping—perhaps against hope!—for something a little different. A bit of something more. A connection. A few divine moments of instant intimacy. You pick up the phone, hoping you'll connect with someone to make you feel special, someone to listen to what you have to say, someone with whom you can engage in interesting conversations on a variety of subjects, both kinky and non-sexual. At ENCHANTRIX, we can give that to you.

ENCHANTRIX  
 EMPIRE

2.50 PER MINUTE • BILLED TO YOUR CREDIT CARD • 18+





## SPOTLIGHT ON



**“My gorgeous wife, her legs spread open and back, was the most erotic sight in the world as she panted out, ‘Yes, Ike, I want your beautiful cock inside me now’”**

watching him. “My God, Jean, you are so beautiful!” he said finally. “Even more beautiful than I had imagined.” I had to agree with him; she really was lovely, lying there nude, her hair spread over her pillow and one leg now drawn up, as if she no longer cared about modesty.

At that point Ike unsnapped his boxer shorts and tossed them to the floor. When Jean saw his cock her eyes grew large, and I heard her catch her breath. From my position I too could see him, and even as excited as I was, I became concerned that he might be too much for her. My cock is a good six inches long, but Ike’s must have been at least two inches longer, and as big around as my wrist.

He quickly lay down beside her now, taking her in his arms and kissing her again. After a few minutes he began kissing his way down to her breasts. He seemed to be a considerate lover; he took his time, kissing and licking her neck before moving slowly downward, and then, as before, kissing, licking and finally sucking first one tit and then the other.

Jean was almost panting as he began to kiss his way down over her tummy, and finally down to her crotch. He gently moved her legs apart, kissing and licking her inner thighs, and then all around her vagina before he actually brought his mouth to her pussy lips. Jean caught her breath again and instantly opened her legs as far as she could. “Oh God yes, Ike,” she panted. “Kiss me there, kiss my pussy.” He kissed and licked her as she gave a series of moans, then pleaded, “Don’t stop, Ike. Suck it, suck my pussy, Ike, please!” Ike obeyed her, intensifying his efforts until I could tell that she was close to the edge. “Oh God, I’m on fire down there!” she cried. “Suck it, Ike, suck it and make me come!” Ike put his hands under her ass and pulled her even closer to his mouth, and a moment later she pulled her legs back and arched her

body, jamming her pussy against his face as she bucked and twisted, yelling out her climax.

When it was over she sank back onto the bed, and Ike quickly moved to kneel between her legs, aiming his massive cock directly at her waiting hole. Taking hold of her legs, he pushed them back toward her chest. As he did so he leaned down to kiss her mouth, allowing her to taste her own juices. Then, looking into her eyes, he said, “Jean, I want to be inside you so bad! But first I need you to tell me it’s what you want too.”

My gorgeous wife, her legs spread open and back, was the most erotic sight in the world as she panted out, “Yes, Ike, I want you inside me. I want you to put your beautiful cock inside me now.” Then, as he moved forward, she added, “But please go slow, Ike. You are so much bigger than my husband. I want you in me, but please go slow.” With that she gestured toward a tube of lubricant which we kept on the nightstand. “Maybe if you use some of that,” she suggested.

Ike quickly took the tube and put a liberal amount of the gel on his dick before again bringing it to her opening and rubbing the head up and down her slit. He then pushed that head inside her, and Jean caught her breath, causing him to stop. “It’s okay now,” she said after a moment. “Just go slow.”

With that Ike began a slow, gentle fucking motion, sliding in and out of her, each time feeding her a little more cock. I watched in fascination at the way her pussy lips were stretched tight around his massive tool. When he pushed in, those lips folded in also, and when he pulled out it was as though her whole pussy was trying to follow him. It took him a while to work just six inches inside her, and all the while Jean kept saying, “Oh God, Ike, it’s so big! You’re so much bigger than my husband, ohh yes, I feel so full!”

When he had managed to work



most of his dick inside her he began fucking her with long steady strokes, and she quickly went over the top. "Oh yes, fuck me, Ike!" she babbled. "God I'm so full, fuck me with your big cock, give me all of it, Ike, all of it!" Shortly after that I could see his balls slapping her upturned ass as he rammed into her like a man possessed. At that moment I knew he was touching places that my cock had ever gotten to, and my wife was going wild. His thick pole

was stimulating her clit as well as her vagina, and she was so far gone that she seemed to be having one continuous never-ending climax. He fucked her on and on, amazing me by his stamina, until she was screaming that she couldn't stop coming and she couldn't take any more. "Come with me, Ike!" she shouted. "Please, Ike, come with me, come with me now!" A moment later her pleas were answered as he let out a long groan and shot

stream after stream into my squalling wife's stretched but receptive pussy.

When it was over and they had collapsed beside each other on the bed, I quietly made a retreat back to my car and drove to the nearest bar, where I had a stiff drink. As I sat there collecting my thoughts I suddenly realized that at some time while watching my wife and her lover, I had come in my pants. But I didn't care; my mind was on what I had just witnessed. And as







## SPOTLIGHT ON



**“The truth was that I wanted her this way. I wanted her while she was still full of her lover’s semen, and I wanted her on the bed they had just left”**

I sat there I realized it had been the most erotic thing I had ever seen. And I realized too that I loved Jean right then perhaps more than I ever had, and I couldn’t wait to see her again. I quickly finished my drink and then called my wife, telling her that I had gotten home early and would be there in a few minutes.

When I walked in the door Jean rushed into my arms and gave me a long wet kiss. She had on the same dress as before, and I knew she had not had time to shower before my arrival. When the kiss ended I held her tight and said, “Oh baby, you have no idea how much I have missed you. I can’t wait to take you to bed and make passionate love to you.”

I felt her stiffen in my arms, and I knew that she was afraid that if we went to bed right then, I might discover she had been recently fucked. In spite of her promise to tell me everything, her guilt and uncertainty was evidently making her reluctant to come out with the truth. “No, baby,” she said. “Let’s wait till tonight, okay? I haven’t had a

bath, and I want to be clean for you.”

But the truth was that I wanted her this way. I wanted her while she was still full of her lover’s semen, and I wanted her on the bed they had just left. So I said, “I don’t care about that, baby, really I don’t. I’ve been away from you for three days, and I can’t wait.” And with that I scooped her up in my arms and carried her to the bedroom. I pretended not to notice that the bedcovers were still in disarray as I laid her down and kissed her, already unbuttoning her dress. When she was down to panties and bra I quickly disrobed and fell on the bed beside her.

I was hotter than I had been in years as I removed her bra and panties. Again she pleaded with me to wait, but I wanted her so badly I couldn’t be dissuaded. “Oh please, sweetie, let me make love to you,” I panted. “I want to feel you and taste you, and I can’t wait.” My hard cock pressed into the side of her leg as I kissed her lips and her neck, and finally worked my way to her tits. I licked and sucked her nipples and quickly moved to her tummy.



**HORNY LOCAL GIRLS**  
ONLY

# 69

MIN 18+

**1-800-616-HEAD**  
4 3 2 3

**I SUCK & SWALLOW**  
LIVE 1-ON-1



**1-800-896-FUCK**  
3 8 2 5

**Live Local**  
Totally FREE to try  
**1-206-208-2222**  
Real live talk  
Real girls from your area!

**1-800-700-CUNT**  
2 8 6 8

no per-minute fees, 18+ Long distance/air time may apply

**Do Me FREE!**

Fuck me with your rock hard cock!



**1-888-725-9666**

**10 MINUTE Jerk Off!**

**1-800-955-7803**

**\$10 BUCK PHONE FUCK**  
Live / on /



**1-800-341-1712**  
18+

**ALL LIVE! 1-on-1 XXX** \$2.98/min



**Call me and... Play With My TITS!**  
**1-888-278-TITS**  
8 4 8 7

**CUM SUCKING SLUTS**  
ONLY

# 65

PER MIN  
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 only .95¢ per min  
Live cum sucking group action only .65¢ per min

**1-800-669-0000**  
+ Small \$2.95 connect fee / adult 18+ only / credit card

**Mature & Lonely**  
Hot Mama's  
Grannies  
Older Women  
We Do It ALL!

As Low As \$1.99 / Min  
V/MC/Disc/Amex  
Checks By Phone  
18+  
US & Canada

**1-888-30-OLDER**  
6 5 3 3 7

**LIVE 1-ON-1 is ONLY...**



I'll ride without a credit card  
**1-900-289-9999**  
Only \$2.98 per min. + 98¢ connection fee.

# 89

PER MIN

**Wet rides for pocket change**

**1-800-3825-FUCK**  
plus a tiny \$3.89 connect fee. Credit cards, Check by Phone. Adults 18+ only





She held her legs together stubbornly at first, but I could feel her weakening as I continued to kiss and caress her, and finally, with a little moan of surrender, she reluctantly allowed me to open her legs.

I immediately kissed her pussy hair, still matted and moist from the juices produced by her earlier activity. As I gazed at her vagina I could see the last of Ike's semen leaking out of her, and I began avidly licking and sucking her there. Sucking her so soon after Ike had been inside her seemed to make me want her even more. Now Jean began to respond in earnest, and soon she was moaning out, "Oh yes, God yes, suck me, baby, I love you so much. Eat me, baby, make me come!" Which I did. The spasms of her pussy as she climaxed forced the last of

Ike's semen out of her, and I eagerly scooped it up with my tongue.

Even though I had not yet come myself, all I wanted at that moment was to hold my wife and tell her how much I loved her. I moved up beside her and took her in my arms and held her for a long time before she said, "Oh God, I'm so sorry, darling. Please don't hate me, but I have to tell you something."

"You don't have to tell me, sweetheart," I assured her. "I already know everything." She turned to face me but before she could say anything I quickly added, "I know what happened today with Ike. I was here and I saw it all." She looked really scared then, so I added, "Please don't worry, baby. Believe me, I'm fine with it. In fact, it was the most exciting thing I have ever seen. You were so beautiful lying there

beneath him, and when he put his big cock inside you I got so excited I actually came in my pants."

I then explained to her how I had gotten home early and found her with Ike, and how I had watched them. I reminded her that she herself had said I wanted her to do it with him, and she was right. I also assured her that I loved her as much as ever, if not even more. "My secret fantasy has always been to see you with another man," I told her. "And today was perfect."

At that point she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. "I love you so much, darling," she said. "Thank you for loving me back."

We lay holding each other for awhile, until Jean suddenly became aware that my cock was still hard and pressing into her tummy. She looked at me with an impish smile and said, "Hey, lover, you still seem to have a problem down there." Then she moved down and took my stiff cock into her warm mouth and began sucking it slowly. Her eyes never left my face as she sucked me, and only once did she stop long enough to say, "Come for me, baby. Shoot your hot come in my mouth and let me drink it for you." That was all it took for me to go stiff and shoot stream after stream of hot jism into her waiting mouth.

Later we talked about Ike, and agreed that she would continue to see him for as long as he was home, but not tell him that I knew about it. I made a place in the closet so I could safely watch them when they were together, and over the next two weeks I watched my wife and her young lover fuck several times and in many positions. Jean soon learned to suck his big cock, and on two occasions I witnessed him blowing his load in her mouth, which she swallowed right down. When Ike's furlough was over she was sorry, but when I suggested we look for someone to take his place, she just smiled and said, "I hope he has a nice big cock!"—J.V., *Detroit, Michigan*





**Extra Long, Extra Fleshy Strokers  
Molded from Penthouse® Pets**



Supple CyberSkin® delivers the most realistic experience possible. *Enjoy two toys in one!*  
Dive into your favorite Pet's perfect pussy or tight ass. You'll forget that you're playing with a toy.

**Available at [www.PenthouseStore.com](http://www.PenthouseStore.com)**

**PENTHOUSE**  
TOYS

©2010 Topco Sales®, Chatsworth, CA. Topco Sales® and CyberSkin® are trademarks of Vast Resources, Inc. dba Topco Sales®.  
Penthouse® is a registered trademark of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission.

  
TOPCO SALES®  
[www.TopcoSales.us](http://www.TopcoSales.us)



# MILF



She's hot, she's sexy, she's a mother I'd like to fuck

## HER FRIEND CAME TO STAY WITH HER, AND THE BOYS FOLLOWED

When my friend Gwen discovered her husband Sid screwing his 20-year-old secretary, she called me to ask if she could come and stay with us for a few days. Gwen's past wasn't all that pure, as she had strayed a few times herself, but when she found Sid hosing the young woman in her own marriage bed she sort of lost it, and she packed up a



few things and got the hell out of there.

I met her at the airport the next morning, and we spent most of the day sipping wine and talking things over. Late that afternoon we went to meet my husband Walt at his favorite bar after he got off work. We found him drinking with Cam, the son of some friends of ours, who was working with Walt to earn some extra money while home from college for the summer.

Gwen ended up sitting next to Cam, and they appeared to get along pretty well. Gwen's mood seemed greatly improved by the time we dropped Cam off

and went back to our house. Walt made us a drink while Gwen and I changed into our robes. After chatting over our nightcaps, Walt and I were ready for bed, but Gwen said she would stay up awhile and watch TV till she felt sleepy.

In our room Walt and I talked a little about Gwen's problem, and he said she probably just needed to get laid so she could go back to her husband, having evened the score. Once in bed Walt started to get frisky, and I accused him of having the hots for Gwen, adding half-jokingly that perhaps he should go and comfort her, if he thought he could handle her.

Gwen had given birth twice, which had left her with a generous, though not unattractive figure, with large round breasts and very good legs. She stood five feet six and weighed about 140. Her pretty face was framed by her flowing blonde locks, and accented by a beautiful smile. We had been friends since we were toddlers, and the fact is that I really wouldn't have minded sharing my husband with her in this time of need.

Walt slipped beneath the sheet to nuzzle the furry nest between my legs, which I spread immediately, giving him access to the musky folds between them. He kissed and licked my inner thighs as his nose pressed into my moistening cleft. I lubricate quickly, so by the time his lips reached their goal my juices were flowing freely. Walt eats pussy better than any man I've ever had, and after munching on mine for nearly 25 years he knew all the hot spots.

After bringing me to three orgasms in a row, he mounted me to gently slip his trusty seven-inch cock into its rightful place. My pussy had received that meaty injection thousands of times, but it had never become repetitive or boring, since both of us are always doing things to spice up our sex life.

As he fucked me Walt now reverted to the subject of Gwen. "Actually, I wouldn't mind knocking off a piece











of that ass," he panted into my ear. "But I doubt if it would be nearly as good as the hot cunt I've got my cock inside right now. Maybe I'll give it a shot before she leaves, but think she's already got a date tonight."

This surprised me. "What do you mean?" I asked him.

He then told me that he had overheard Gwen telling Cam to come to our house later on, and wait till she flashed the porch light three times, which meant she would be waiting at the door. "Either that young man is going to get himself some mature pussy tonight," Walt added, "or I don't know much about women."

He then proceeded to fuck my brains out, pushing my knees up nearly to my ears to get as deep as he possibly could. He screwed me that way for 10 minutes before asking me to get on my hands and knees, which I did. After another six or seven minutes his eruption set me off again as my claspings cunt milked every drop of

come out of his spurting cock.

We cuddled after that, and Walt soon drifted off to sleep as I lay there thinking about my friend's troubled marriage.

The longer I lay there the more curious I became about what Walt had told me. My imaginings finally got the best of me, and I found myself creeping out of the bedroom to peer through the balcony railing down into the living room. Cam was there all right; he and Gwen were lying together on a comforter on the floor, she still in her robe and he fully clothed. Cam appeared to be a little shy and nervous, but Gwen wasn't; she seemed to know exactly what she wanted. As I watched she rose to her knees and straddled him, sitting astride his midsection to press her large breasts against his chest as she bent down to kiss him. He responded eagerly, and her robe was soon gone, leaving her in black panties and a bra

ger there. Finally, though, he appeared to become aware that there was more to this woman's body than her chest, and he slipped his hand down to caress her scantily clad ass as she managed to tug off his shirt and pants. I couldn't help noticing the sizeable tent in the front of his jockey shorts, and it was obvious that Gwen hadn't missed it either. She quickly pulled the shorts down until the tent pole popped out above the waistband. She wiggled out from under him then, and his eyes nearly popped out of his head when she lowered her mouth slowly down over his impressive manhood.

Gwen had definitely picked a good candidate to help her even the score with Sid. Even from my vantage point I could tell that his cock was larger than my husband's, measuring probably close to nine inches. It was thick too; Gwen wasn't able to take more than half of it into her mouth, because its tremendous girth made it impossible

**"I could hear the wet sounds of her salivating mouth working on his throbbing cock. He groaned loudly as he shot his load into her throat. She drank it as though it were the sweetest nectar on earth"**

which struggled to contain her bulging mounds of soft flesh. In another minute the bra was gone too, and I could hear Cam making little sounds of pleasure in his throat as he rolled her onto her back and buried his face in her bosom.

No man is ever truly weaned from his desire to nurse at a woman's breast, and I was pretty sure Cam had never before encountered such luscious mounds of joy. He suckled at them almost feverishly as though trying to extract the milk that was no lon-

ger for her to deep-throat it. Still, she gave him her best. I could hear the wet sloppy sounds of her salivating mouth working on his throbbing cock, even above his muffled moans. Suddenly he arched his back and groaned more loudly as he shot his load into her throat. She drank it down as though it were the sweetest nectar on earth as she milked him of every drop with her talented hands, then licked the last traces from his slowly shrinking shaft.

Cam recovered quickly and sat up as Gwen now removed her panties to



reveal her heavy blonde bush. Cam just stared at her pussy as she pulled her knees up, then opened them invitingly. I saw a glimmer of her pink lips among her curls, and heard her ask him to eat her. I could feel my own pussy juice trickling down my thighs as I watched Cam eagerly complying with her request. He devoured her snatch for a good 10 minutes, bringing her to several shattering orgasms.

She was still gasping for breath when Cam mounted her and slowly penetrated her slippery sheath. He paused for a few moments, then began thrusting slowly but steadily, gradually increasing his pace until he was moving like a jackhammer. They fucked for about five minutes before Cam went stiff as a board, pumping his load deep into her receptive womb.

Again it didn't take him long to recover, and then I was watching them fuck once again, this time with Gwen on top, her huge jugs bouncing up and down as she humped her lover's hard cock. When she came he rolled her over to take her doggie-style, fucking her like a true stud until he unloaded again. After that I slipped quietly back to bed, waking up my husband so he could quench the raging fire between my legs.

The next night Gwen again stayed up after we went to bed, and when Walt was asleep I again snuck out to peek downstairs. Sure enough, Gwen was entertaining Cam again; but much to my surprise, another young man was there also, standing buck naked with a hard-on, watching them fuck while obviously waiting his turn. Again I was hot as hell when I went back to bed, though I felt a bit guilty for invading their privacy.

The next morning Gwen came clean to me. She told me she'd had Cam over the past two nights, and had had sex with him on both occasions. Then, after a pause, she admitted that he had brought a friend along

the previous night, and had taken on both of them. She wanted to know what I thought about that, and all I could say was, "Good for you, girl. I'd probably do the same thing, given the opportunity!"

Well, I guess Gwen took my words literally. The next day Walt was unexpectedly called out of town on business, and unbeknownst to me, Gwen called Cam and invited him to come around that evening—and bring some more of his friends.

When the doorbell rang shortly after eight that night I went to answer it, not expecting anybody in particular. Needless to say I was a bit shocked to find Cam and four of his buddies on my doorstep. I called to Gwen, telling her she had company, and quickly excused myself, saying I had things to do upstairs. But Gwen asked me to stay for a while and at least have a drink with them, so I did. We had a pleasant chat, but I couldn't imagine having sex with five guys at once, in an all-out orgy with my friend Gwen. So after I finished my drink I went to the kitchen to rinse out my glass before going upstairs.

When I turned from the sink I literally bumped into Cam, who had come up behind me, and who now immediately embraced me, kissing me fully on the mouth. In spite of my earlier reservations I began to respond to his passionate kiss as his hands slipped down to cup the cheeks of my ass, pulling me against his fully erect cock. Moments later he picked me up like a rag doll, sitting me on the counter and sliding his hands up my thighs to lightly tickle the dampening crotch of my panties as he sucked my tongue into his mouth.

I finally twisted away, saying, "My God, Cam, just what the hell do you think you're doing? I'm a married woman, and old enough to be your mother. Your parents are friends of ours."

"Yes, I know all those things,"

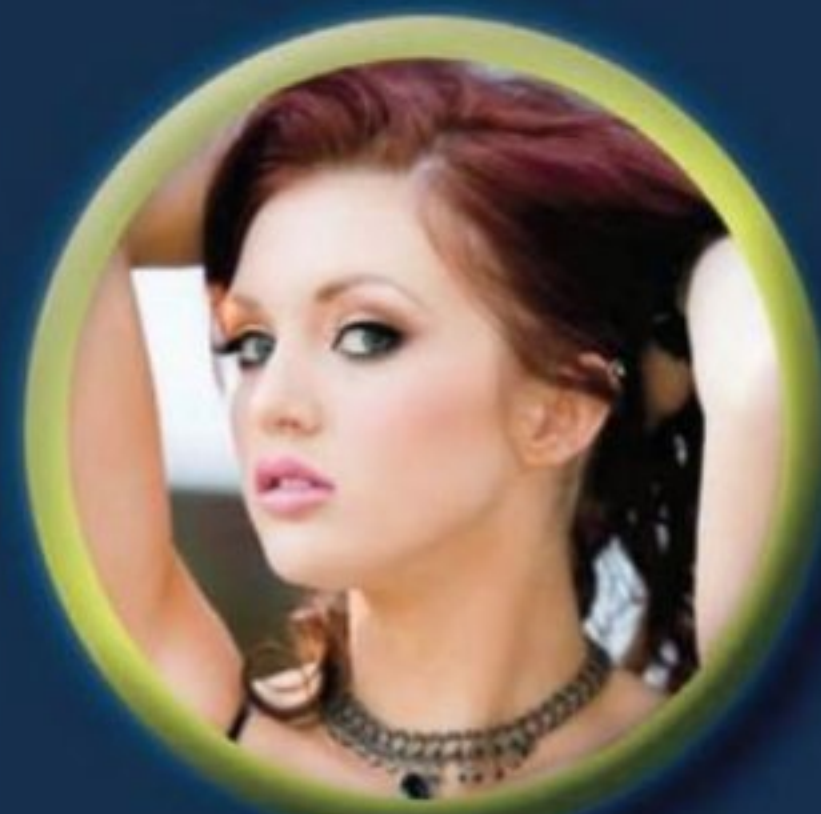
*Don't miss our daily*



**BABE  
OF THE DAY**



**FREE  
PHOTOS**



*of the most  
beautiful women in  
the world! All on*

**PenthouseMagazine.com**

18+



Cam said. "But I also know you have screwed around on your husband before. I watched you have sex with my friend Casey one night last year, when my folks were having a party. I went upstairs and found you and him screwing on my bed. I watched it all. I never told anybody and I never will. But why can't I get what he got?"

I remembered that night, and I found myself blushing at the memory. But it turned me on as well. That is, it added to the excitement that had already been aroused by the sight of all those handsome young men, and by what I had seen Gwen doing the previous two nights. And since my husband was away, I knew I wasn't going to get any relief from him that night.

So I didn't put up any further resistance as Cam snaked a long finger inside the crotch of my panties to probe my wet folds. In fact I found myself reaching for his fly, tingling with the desire to see his very sizeable prick up close. But then I heard voices from the other room, and quickly pushed his hands away.

"Wait, not here, Cam," I said urgently. "Come up to my room. But just you, okay? Gwen can screw whoever she wants, but I don't do strangers. And you're not to tell anybody about this, because if my husband finds out I don't think you'd like the consequences. Okay?"

Cam swore he wouldn't say a word, and I didn't know if I believed him or not, but at that point I couldn't worry about it. I led him through the back door of the kitchen and up the back stairs to our bedroom.

Once there we didn't waste any time, stripping ourselves to our underwear and falling onto the bed, kissing passionately as we began to explore each other's body. He soon had me buck naked and was devouring my pussy. I wiggled around until I could pay oral homage to his long thick cock, which looked even bigger close



**"‘Grace,’ he panted when he broke the kiss, ‘I think you have the best ass of any woman I’ve ever known, and I’d like our first time to be doggie-style, so I can look at your beautiful ass while I fuck you’"**

up than it had from a distance. He was too large for me to comfortably take much of him in my mouth, but I must have been doing pretty good with what I had, because I had to stop twice when he was close to blowing his wad. I wanted to feel that thick cock throbbing in my snatch when he blew out his first load.

I let his dick slip from my lips as my need to be fucked grew still more intense. I was on the verge of begging him to take me when he brought his mouth to mine, kissing me most

passionately and thrusting his tongue deep into my mouth.

"Grace," he panted when he broke the kiss, "I think you have the best ass of any woman I've ever known, and if it's okay with you I'd like our first time to be doggie-style, so I can look at your beautiful ass while I fuck you."

I immediately assumed the position, presenting my ass for his viewing pleasure, spreading my knees so that my pouting cunt was positioned just right to receive an injection of hard young cock.



OVER  
**FORTY**  
**\$10**  
**1-888-OLDER69**  
18+



**I'LL SUCK YOU DRY!**  
**HARDCORE**  
**LIVE 1-ON-1**  
**1-800-760-SUCK**  
7 8 2 5



**NASTY & HORNY SLUTS**  
**ONLY**  
**89**  
**1-800-TO-WHORE**  
8 6 9 4 6 7 3  
Credit card / adults 18+ only

**LIVE**  
ONE-ON-ONE  
**¢**  
**PER**  
**MIN**

**FUCK ME!**  
1.888  
808.5666



**Live Local**  
Totally  
**FREE to try**  
**1-206-208-2222**  
Real live talk  
Real girls from  
your area!  
**1-800-700-CUNT**  
2 8 6 8  
no per-minute fees, 18+ Long distance/air time may apply



Call for LIVE, 1-on-1



**\$2.98/min.**  
Pay by Credit, Debit,  
Pre-Paid or Gift Card  
or Check!  
**1-888-278-GIRL**  
18+

Cock Sucking  
Sluts!  
**\$10**  
**Buck**  
**Phone**  
**Fuck!**  
**1.800.440.1147**  
All Major Credit Cards Accepted.  
**NO**  
**Connect Fee!**  
18+



**REAL HORNY GIRLS!**  
Naughty Local Girls  
Want To Get Nasty  
With You **RIGHT NOW!**  
Over 10,000 Horny  
Girls Call Daily!  
**ONLY**  
**69¢**  
Per Min  
**1-800**  
**994-4FUN**  
18+



**I SUCK & SWALLOW**  
**LIVE 1-ON-1**  
**1-800-896-FUCK**  
3 8 2 5



**NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!**  
**TRY ME**  
**FREE!**  
**1-800**  
**641-9666**  
18+





I felt him position his swollen cock-head against my dripping slit, searching for my entrance, then slowly ease his cock inside me until it was buried completely within my wanton cunt. With a moan of pleasure I pushed my ass back at him, and he began to hump me furiously, slamming his loins against my upturned buttocks, his heavy balls swing against my clit like a pendulum.

I love the raw animalistic lust of being fucked like a bitch dog in heat, and I never fail to reach orgasm if I'm fucked that way for any length of time. Cam had amazing control, and he brought me off twice before gasping out that he was going to come. Once he did so he remained where he was, soaking his cock in our combined body fluids until it softened and slithered out, releasing a stream of come to trickle down my thighs.

That wasn't the end of it though. It was four in the morning before we were fucked out, and I could only imagine what Gwen had been doing. Cam finally left and took his friends with him, but not before asking if we could get together again that night. I told him no, because my husband would be home, but I gave him my number at the office, telling him to tell my receptionist he was calling about doing yard work. He said that wouldn't be a lie, because he really wanted another chance to tend to my bush.

I went back to bed and slept until Gwen woke me up about eight to thank me for everything I'd done for her. She said her four studs had fucked some sense into her, and she'd called Sid, who'd told her he'd fired his secretary and wanted her to come home. She had let him beg a little before saying she'd give it a try, and she made him swear that he would be faithful from now on.

"After all, fidelity is really important, right?" she said to me, and we both fell down laughing.—*G.Y., Flagstaff, Arizona*

## ONE WAS NASTY, ONE WAS NICE, AND BOTH WERE SEXY AS HELL

I was going out with Lee until this past summer. We were both 18 and waiting for college to begin. Lee was hot and a great piece of ass, but there was one problem: she was a spoiled brat.

Lee had never made a secret of the fact that she didn't like her stepmother, Sara; but I disagreed with her. Actually Sara had a very nice personality, and she was very sexy too, though she didn't always flaunt it. But the two of them argued nearly every day, over stupid things, and their fights were almost always started by Lee.

Sara, who was in her mid-30s, had brownish-blond hair and an awesome body, and I loved hanging out by their pool with them on weekends. With Lee and Sara lying around in skimpy bikinis, I felt like I was in heaven. Especially when they took off their tops to get some sun on their gorgeous tits.

"No, not at all," I replied honestly. "It's just that Lee is kind of spoiled."

"Why do you put up with her shit?" Sara asked me. "You're such a nice boy."

I searched for an answer. The real reason was because Lee was such a good piece of ass, but I couldn't say that. But Sara figured it out before I could say anything.

She put a hand on my thigh then, and her voice got softer as her hand slid slowly up my leg to my crotch. "You know, there are probably a lot of ladies that would like a guy like you," she said.

I cleared my throat, then croaked out, "I'd like to meet one of those ladies."

"Well," Sara said, "you already have." And then she kissed me. After a moment her mouth opened and I felt the probing of her tongue. She kissed me that way for about a minute, then began sliding her mouth down my

**"I love the raw animalistic lust of being fucked like a bitch dog in heat, and I never fail to reach orgasm if I'm fucked that way for any length of time. It was four in the morning before we were fucked out"**

They were doing exactly that one Saturday when they got into one of their fights. Lee's dad was out of town, so it got ugly fast, resulting in Lee calling Sara a bitch and taking off in her car, leaving me there. Lee had picked me up earlier, so I didn't have my car with me, and I wasn't sure what to do. I was sitting at the edge of the pool, dangling my feet in the water, when Sara came over and sat beside me. Still topless.

"Do you think I'm a bitch?" she asked me.

chest, her hand moving onto my bulging crotch. Then she licked her way back up again. "Mmm," she purred, and pulled my head to her breast, feeding a succulent nipple into my mouth. She kissed me again, and her hand moved inside the waistband of my shorts and began massaging my cock as I gave her tits my undivided attention. Her nipples got incredibly thick and hard, and my shorts soon wound up floating in the pool. After a minute Sara slid down and took my cock deep in her mouth, then began



**BOOT CAMP BABES!**



\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

**HOT WET PUSSY!**

**1-800-879-WETT**

9 3 8 8

**HOT PUSSY NEEDS COCK!**

**1-800-825-HOTT**

\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+ 4 6 8 8

**HOT, HORNY & LONELY HOUSEWIVES**

**1-800-792-6649**

\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

**SWINGERS!**

TAKE ME FOR A **RIDE!**



\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

**1-800-220-2ON1**

6 6

**BIG, BUSTY BITCHES**

**1-800-852-6649**

\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

**ALWAYS WET AND HUNGRY FOR YOUR CUM!**

**1-800 688-CUM1**

2 8 6

\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

**JACK-OFF WITH**

**1-800-669-ROXY**

\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+ 7 6 9 9

**DOMINATING SLUTS!**

WE KNOW HOW YOU REALLY WANT IT!

**1 ON 1**

\$4.99 MIN 18+

**1-800-254-KINK**

5 4 6 5

**WILD FANTASIES**

**1-800-967-HEAD**

\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+ 4 3 2 3

**BITCHIN' BIKER BLOW JOBS**

**1-800 650-4566**

\$1.99 - \$4.99 MIN/ 18+

**LOCAL NAUGHTY GIRLS**

**1-800 640-3445**

\$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+ • MULTIPLE BILLING OPTIONS • NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

**CALL ME NOW!**







# MILF



moving her head up and down. This was easily the best blowjob I had ever had.

My hand now moved down her flat belly to her skimpy bikini bottoms and found her cunt shaved perfectly smooth. My fingers explored her folds, then began sliding in and out of her as she moaned and purred. She was driving me ever closer to the brink, but stopped just in time to prevent me from coming in her mouth. She then slipped into the pool and threw her bikini bottoms at me before swimming to the deep end, pausing below the diving board with her tits bobbing seductively in the water.

I slid in and swam over to her. I reached up and held on to the diving board above my head, and Sara wrapped her long thighs around me. I reached down with one hand and rubbed my cock all over her smooth pussy lips.

We both moaned as I pressed into her, burying myself to the hilt with

**“I held on to the diving board above my head, and Sara wrapped her long thighs around me. I reached down with one hand and rubbed my cock all over her smooth pussy lips”**

one stroke. We both held onto the board then as her strong thighs pulled me more tightly to her. We pumped against each other, and her pussy felt warm and tight around my cock.

Suddenly she began to climax, her inner muscles tightening around me, and there was no way I could hold back; before her orgasm was over I was shooting my load inside her.

Afterward we kissed and fondled each other playfully. Then, just as I was getting hard again, Lee's car squealed back into the driveway. “Do

you want a fucking ride home or not?” she snapped angrily at me.

When we got to my place my parents weren't home yet, so we had a hot fuck. I fucked her like never before as I kept going over in my mind the hot sex I'd just had with her wonderful stepmother.

Lee and I broke up a month later, but I didn't miss her a bit, since I still got to see Sara almost every day before I went off to college.—C.R., Columbus, Ohio

## **SHE MAY HAVE BEEN A WIDOW, BUT THERE WAS LIFE IN HER YET**

I am a 57-year-old widow. Six months ago I got a phone call from the son of an old friend, saying he'd be in town for business and asking if he could stop in for a visit. I was more than happy to see him, since I hadn't done so for 15 years.

Aaron, by now about 25, had turned into a very handsome young man. He

insisted on taking me out to dinner, an invitation I gladly accepted. Although I am still very much in shape for my age, I hadn't been on any type of date since my husband died. Of course this wasn't actually a date; and yet it was hard for me to remain calm as I thought about what to wear. I tried to dress conservatively, yet attractively. I didn't want to look slutty, but I wanted to be sexy. And yet I didn't know why. What on earth could this young man possibly want with me, when he could surely have lots of girls his own age?





# CALL NOW!

1-800  
**983-5465**  
K I N K

1-800  
**756-3786**  
3 S U M

1-800  
**320-9388**  
W E T T

1-800  
**216-5477**  
L I P S

1-800  
**285-6749**  
O R G Y

1-800  
**258-5347**  
L E G S

1-800  
**270-7388**  
P E T T

1-800  
**776-6338**  
M E E T

1-800  
**568-5425**  
L I C K

1-800  
**535-4688**  
H O T T

\$4.95 PER MIN. 18+ VISA • MC • AMEX 24 hours, 7 days a week



Aaron picked me up, and we went to a local restaurant, where we had a nice meal and a few drinks. When he drove me home I invited him in, and we had some wine. We sat and talked like old friends, which it seemed as though we were, despite our obvious age difference.

When the talk got around to my late husband, I got a bit tearful, and Aaron moved to sit beside me and put his arm around me to cheer me up. He told me my husband had been lucky to be married to a beautiful woman like me. I thanked him, but told him that obviously I was an old woman now, and not as attractive as I used to be. Aaron said that was nonsense. He then surprised me by telling me that I had been his fantasy woman when he was young, and that I was still as sexy now as I was then. And then, before I realized it, he was kissing me, his tongue gliding into my mouth.

I gasped when I felt his hand touch my breast, a touch which sent shivers through me. I broke away and told him we shouldn't be doing that, but he kissed me again, this time guiding my hand to his crotch. I amazed myself by not pulling it away; in fact, I found myself squeezing his bulge.

Meanwhile his fingers were undoing my blouse, and I shuddered again when he pulled my breasts out of my bra. My head was spinning as he bent to suck my nipples, which were extremely hard.

I didn't resist at all when his hand slid up my leg, under my skirt and over my stocking tops to rub my wet crotch through my panties. I moaned and called his name when he snuck a finger inside the panties and probed at my vagina. He explored me expertly with first one then two fingers, and I cried out. I hadn't been touched there for years, and it felt so good! He kept at it in a way that made me feel that he was stretching me open, and I couldn't help responding, moving my hips to the rhythm of his strokes.

When he reached with both hands for the waistband of my panties, I lifted my butt to make it easier for him to tug them down over my hips and off my legs.

He quickly undressed himself then, and I gasped when I saw his nude body, especially his large, throbbing penis. I reached out to touch it, and he groaned as I stroked him, his precome glistening at the tip.

After a moment he pushed me back on the sofa and knelt between my legs. He moved forward to rub his smooth cockhead between my pussy lips, which soon became coated with my juices. I felt him push slowly into me, and I moaned loudly as he eased out slightly, then pushed again, going more deeply. He lowered himself onto me and we kissed passionately as his penis drove further and further into my vagina. He was driving me wild. I had never felt so full, even with my husband. His heavy balls were slapping

to me three more times before morning came.

I was sad to see him leave, but he promised to be back next month, and I'm already counting the days.

I wonder what my husband would say?—*R.G., Annapolis, Maryland*

## HE TOOK HER TO A DRIVE-IN, AND DROVE INTO HER ALL THE WAY

When my husband left me for a younger woman last year I was devastated, and I thought I would never find love again. After all, I was 37 years old and about 30 pounds overweight. I basically went into hiding, and I lost my appetite. I ate so little that I lost about 15 pounds without even trying.

One Saturday night, several weeks after the divorce was finalized, I was sitting home alone, feeling sorry for myself, when the phone rang. It was Rex, my now ex-husband's 18-year-old nephew. He asked what I was doing, and I told him nothing. "Good," he

**"I felt him push slowly into me, and I moaned loudly as he eased out slightly, then pushed again, going more deeply. We kissed passionately as his penis drove further and further into my vagina"**

against my bottom, and he cupped my butt in his hands, pulling me harder onto his thrusting pole.

I felt my vagina spasm as I climaxed, and I screamed loudly as he slammed into me even harder. "Oh yes, I'm going to come inside you!" he exclaimed hoarsely, and he plunged one last time, pulling me hard against him as I felt his penis throb and shoot jet after jet inside me.

Later, when we had caught our breath, I took him up to my bedroom, where he spent the night, making love

said. "I'll pick you up in an hour. We're going to a movie." Then, before I could protest, he hung up.

I sat there for a minute or two, and then decided, why not? Rex and I had always gotten along well, and I really did need to get out of the house. So I bestirred myself to get ready.

An hour later Rex showed up and told me how nice I looked, but I didn't believe him. I was so caught up in my troubles that I didn't pay much attention to where we were going, and I was surprised when it turned out to be a



drive-in. I hadn't been to a drive-in in years. When I asked him why, Rex said he really wanted to see this flick, and the drive-in was the only place it was playing. "Okay," I said, half-kiddingly, "but no funny stuff." He just shrugged.

We talked a little before the movie started. I of course was still hurting, but Rex was soothing and sympathetic, and made me feel that he liked me, and that he truly cared about my feelings. A few minutes after the film began he put his hand on my arm. I scooted a little closer and rested my head on his shoulder, despite the nagging feeling that I shouldn't. I actually felt like a teenager on a date, and his sympathetic words had made me feel tender towards him. But I promised myself not to let anything inappropriate happen between us.

Rex, however, had other ideas, and after about half an hour he began to nuzzle my neck. Like a silly schoolgirl I turned my face to him, and he kissed me. Caught up in the moment, I let him do so; and then I felt his hand slide inside my blouse and cup my breast through my bra. I shivered with excitement and jerked back, looking in his eyes. I meant to chastise him, but I couldn't say a word. I was breathing hard, and there was no denying it; I was aroused. He pulled me to him and I didn't protest as he kissed me again and unbuttoned my blouse completely, then reached behind me to unclasp my bra.

Suddenly reality took over again, and I pulled away. "Rex, I can't!" I panted. "We can't!"

"Yes, we can," he countered, and as I said nothing more he went on, "We can. Just relax and let go, Nancy. I've always wanted you. You're a beautiful woman and I've wanted you so much. So please, Nancy, let it happen."

"Oh Rex!" I said as he pulled me to him again, and we began kissing passionately. He tugged at me and pulled me over onto his lap, his hands darting for my tits as we continued to kiss.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I was a 37-year-old woman, parked in a drive-in with an 18-year-old youth, acting like I was a teenager myself.

My pussy was on fire, and I could feel the throbbing of his hard cock through our clothing. When he dropped his hand to my knee and slipped it under my skirt to caress my soft thighs, I nearly came right then.

Rex kept stroking my thighs, moving closer and closer to my wet crotch. All I could do was moan with pleasure. "Let's get in the back seat," he panted.

"Yes . . ." I moaned breathlessly. The thought of getting fucked in the back seat of Rex's car at a drive-in theater really turned me on. Like teenagers indeed, we climbed hastily over the front seat, and I landed on top of him in the back. He lay on his back as I undid his belt and pants, then released his cock, which sprang up as I pulled down his underwear. Even in the semi-darkness I could see the precome oozing from the tip.

I quickly pulled off my panties and got on my hands and knees above him. While he squeezed my tits I hiked my skirt up to my waist and lowered my wet pussy onto his young hard cock. The sensation was nearly more than I could stand as he slid easily into me. I began to raise and lower myself, trying to force him deeper inside me as he eagerly feasted on my hard nipples. He reached down to squeeze and fondle my ass as I continued to pump up and down on him. Suddenly he cried out and let go, shooting warm sperm deep inside me, as I lost it and came as well. I took all he could give me, then collapsed on top of him until we had caught our breath.

We kissed several times, then dressed quickly and got back into the front seat, where we watched the rest of the movie before Rex took me home.

I went out with Rex a few more times over the following month. I fucked him each time, and with every

fuck I felt more and more how desirable I still was. And as it happened, I wound up pregnant by Rex. His family was not pleased, to say the least, but we didn't care. He moved in with me, and I gave him a beautiful baby girl. We're still together and love each other tremendously, and needless to say I will never forget our first Saturday-night fuck at the drive-in.—N.A., *Des Moines, Iowa*

### **HIS FRIEND'S MOTHER WAS VERY FRIENDLY, AND NOT ONLY TO HIM**

Even before it happened I had the hots for Rita, who was my friend Alan's mom. All our friends called her a MILF, and she was a lot younger and sexier than most of the other moms.

She'd been divorced from Alan's dad for a few years, and had gotten a nice settlement out of it. She was pretty loose and liberal with Alan, and often let his friends, including me, spend the night.

On a lot of those nights Rita would go out with her friends, or one of her sisters, all of whom were hot. It was on one of those nights, after she came home, that it all began.

A bunch of us were spending the night at Alan's, but at that point I was the only one still awake. I was feeling horny and was actually jerking off to a porno flick in the living room when Rita came in. I had my eyes closed and wasn't aware that she was even there until I started shooting off, at which point I opened my eyes and saw her sitting there, watching me quietly. What flipped me out even further was that she was rubbing her pussy under her skirt as she did so.

My cock had gone soft, but even though I had just come, it quickly got hard again as I saw what she was doing. Embarrassed as I was, I finally got the nerve to say hi. She smiled, and then got up and moved slowly toward me. "Nice young cock," she said.

"Thanks," I mumbled, taken aback





by the calmness of her reaction. My shock continued as she actually asked if she could touch it. I just nodded, and she took it in her hand, stroking it tentatively. Then she got on her knees and kissed the head, then licked it a few times from base to tip. Her touch was so warm and sensual that I instantly began throbbing as I marveled at the exquisite sensations she was giving me.

Next she opened her mouth and engulfed me in her warm wet smoothness. With her head bobbing up and down my cock, I ran my fingers through her long wavy blonde hair. She was sucking me like a pro, licking me with her tongue and working me in and out of her throat with exquisite skill. No girl had ever made me feel as good as she did.

When I told her I was going to come she seemed to suck even harder, and she tickled my balls and even probed my ass with a finger. It sent me over the edge, and I exploded down her gulping throat. She didn't waste a drop. Once she was finished she stood up, licked her lips and told me good night. I watched her sexy ass bounce away as she headed for her room.

I didn't see Rita for a day or two after that, but when I did she acted as though nothing had happened; so I tried my best to act that way too.

Nearly a month went by before I again spent the night at Alan's place. Again Rita was out with friends, but this time when she returned she wasn't alone. As before, I was the only one awake, since I'd been waiting for her, and as I heard her coming in I thought of going to greet her at the door—until I heard another voice. It was a man's voice. I recognized it as that of my college basketball coach, who I knew was married, because his wife is a teacher at our school.

They were both a little drunk, and as they came into sight I saw them stop and make out in the hallway.

Their hands were all over each other as they kissed passionately. When they stepped into the living room they saw me sitting there, but it didn't faze either of them—they went at it as if I weren't there at all.

As the coach's hands went up Rita's skirt to squeeze her panty-covered ass I felt myself getting hard, and since it seemed that anything went, I took out my own cock and began to stroke it as I watched the scene before me. Rita dropped to her knees and pulled down the coach's pants, then began to deep-throat his cock with enthusiasm. The coach held on to her hair and started to groan; but before he could come she stopped and moved, still on her knees, over to where I was sitting on the couch, cock in hand. The coach followed, getting down and preparing to enter her from behind. She engulfed my cock with her mouth as he did so, and his thrusts were soon driving that mouth

let me mount her missionary-style. I banged her warm sloppy cunt as hard as I could, while she egged me on until she had an explosive climax, moments before I shot my second load inside her.

Since then I've had the privilege of fucking my buddy's mom again from time to time—but then, it seems, so have a lot of other guys.—*F.M., Duluth, Minnesota*

## WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS EVEN SAUCIER FOR THE GANDER

My first sexual encounter was with my best friend's mom when I was 18. I never told Arnie about it, and to this day we're still best friends.

At that time Jessica was a gorgeous woman in her late 30s, and even when Arnie was not there I used to hang around their house and do odd jobs for her just to be near her.

One day, as I was mowing their lawn, I looked into the kitchen window

**“The coach followed, getting down to enter her from behind. She engulfed my cock with her mouth as he did, and his thrusts were soon driving that mouth rhythmically back and forth over my dick”**

rhythmically back and forth over my dick.

This was all too much for me, and I soon shot my load down Rita's thirsty throat. I then sat back and watched as the coach drilled her steadily for another five minutes before he groaned and came inside her.

After he came he quickly dressed and left, saying something about getting home to his wife. Still not satisfied, Rita sucked my cock again and brought me back to life, then lay on her back on the couch and

and saw Jessica crying. I wasn't sure what to do, but as she continued to sob I stopped what I was doing and went to her.

She was embarrassed when she saw me, and tried to turn away so I couldn't see her face. I put a hand on her shoulder and asked her if there was anything I could do to help. She patted my hand and thanked me, but told me she'd be fine. She started to walk away when something fell from her hand. Before she could stop me I bent down to pick it up. It was a



All girls are independent phone sex operators working from their homes.



Jenna

x7105

Single horny Mommy looking for my daddy. Cum play with me and I'll play with you.



Diana

x7118

Young, sweet & horny as hell. Say what you want me to do. I'll try anything once - ok, twice :)



Tina

x7220

Your exotic and erotic play toy. Bisexual, submissive, fit, tight, beautiful & brunette.



Katie

x7455

I'm a voluptuous babe with huge tits and large nipples. If you like cleavage, I'm your girl.



Patty

x7302

Jerk off while I smother you with my sweet shaved pussy and stocking clad legs & feet.

**Real girls  
Doable girls  
Lots of girls**

**Call NOW  
for an introduction**

**Win a  
FREE PHONE FUCK  
Press "4" to learn how**



Nadine

x7805

Dirty, kinky black girl. I am a sex-loving black slut, with a wet & delicious pink pussy.



Pamela

x7708

MILF-y slut next door with an ethnic twist. Great toned body with big tits & a tight firm ass.



Amanda

x7395

Wild and uninhibited goth girl with tats and piercings. Call me for a real domme bitch.





# MILF

photograph, and when I looked at it I could feel my face get flushed, and I totally understood why Jessica was devastated. The picture was of her husband Cliff, naked in bed with a young blonde girl. The girl's legs were splayed open, and Cliff's face was making its descent to her pussy.

Jessica then told me that she'd been dusting the bedroom when she'd knocked over a book on the nightstand, and the picture had fallen out. She started to cry again, and I got up to comfort her, putting my arms around her and holding her tightly as she sobbed. Her body felt so good that I couldn't help what was happening to me. Jessica felt it, and suddenly she stopped crying and pulled away. I quickly apologized, telling her that I couldn't help myself, and that she was the hottest, sexiest woman I had ever seen.

I thought she might slap me, but she didn't. She just looked at me in a strange way, and then she said I'd better go. I told her I would go if that was what she wanted. When she hesitated, I got even bolder. I took her in my arms again, and pressed my lips to hers. I was met with about three seconds of resistance before I felt her melt into my embrace and kiss me back. Out tongues locked in a heated dance. She was moaning and grabbing at the back of my head as if to get more of me into her mouth. Her kisses were sweet and sexy and hot, and I was on fire.

Before I knew it I had her naked on the kitchen counter, and Jessica pulled her legs up to her chest to give me access to her shaved pussy. I dove in and lapped at it, reveling in her sweet musky scent. Jessica was writhing on the counter, holding my head and yelling at me to suck her. She was incredible. When I sucked on her clit and drove three fingers into her steamy snatch, she threw back her head and yelled out her orgasm as she soaked my face and fingers.

As she came down from her climax Jessica slid off the counter onto her knees and took my prick in her mouth with one swallow. The feeling was out of this world. She slurped and stroked me while playing with my heavy sack. I felt myself nearing nirvana and I told her I was about to shoot, but she held on. I braced myself against the counter as my toes curled, my cock throbbed and huge jets of sperm burst from me like bullets. Jessica sucked it all out of me and still wanted more. Her tongue and hands were all over me. The look on her face was priceless as she looked up at me with those beautiful smoky eyes.

Jessica then led me upstairs. In her bedroom she sucked me to full length again, then straddled me and sank down on my dick. She rode me so wildly that I thought it might actually break off, and she came so hard that she slipped off and landed in a heap next to me.

Then she told me to get between her legs as if to eat her. With that she leaned over, opened the nightstand drawer and pulled out a digital camera. I immediately realized what she was up to, and told her I didn't think it was such a good idea. She told me to just be quiet and eat her pussy. So I sucked her to another two orgasms while she took as many pictures as she could under the circumstances.

Afterwards she showed me the shot she wanted to use. My face wasn't visible, but there was no misunderstanding what was going on. Jessica then told me that she intended to put that picture into Cliff's book, where she'd found the one of him and the blonde. That would make her even, and teach him to go around cheating on her.

As we got dressed she thanked me for helping her out, and I told her I was the one who should be thanking her. Sadly, I never got to fuck Jessica again, but she and Cliff got divorced soon after that, and as far as I know she has been single and happy ever

since.—*T.V., Scranton, Pennsylvania*

If you've ever gotten lucky with a friend's sexy mom, take our advice—don't tell your friend. But do tell us. And Mom, you can tell us too. Send your letter to: **Penthouse Letters**, Dept. MILF, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: [letters@ffn.com](mailto:letters@ffn.com)

PENTHOUSE LETTERS (ISSN 0883-8798) February 2012 Volume 30, Number 2, Copyright © 2012 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of FriendFinder Networks Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of *Penthouse Letters* Magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly with a year-end newsstand issue in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Penthouse Letters* Magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, Tel. (800) 333-2802. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic or other matter. Submission of letters to *Penthouse Letters* Magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to *Penthouse Letters* all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. *Penthouse Letters* does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, non-use, or other obligations. Names, places and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—\$29.95 one year; Canada—\$45 one year (includes G.S.T.); elsewhere—\$45 one year. Single copies: \$6.99 U.S., \$7.99 Canada and elsewhere. Canadian G.S.T. registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem or change address, call toll-free subscription number in the U.S., (800) 333-2802; outside the U.S., call (386) 447-6363. Or e-mail your query to [penthouseletters@email-customerservice.com](mailto:penthouseletters@email-customerservice.com). For back issues call (888) 312-BACK. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to *Penthouse Letters*, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Tel. (212) 702-6000. Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Tel. (212) 702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 19749 Dearborn Street, Chatsworth CA 91311. Tel. 310-280-1950. PENTHOUSE LETTERS and the PENTHOUSE LETTERS logo are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.

**Certification:** The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 USC § 2257 and 28 CFR 75.1—75.8 are maintained by the custodian of records of General Media Communications, Inc. at 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005.



**1-800 JACK-OFF** <sup>sm</sup>

**I'll give it to  
you how you  
want it**

Freaky hot moms  
with an insatiable  
lust for your cock!

**1-888-  
909-MILF**  
6 4 5 3

**HARD fuck  
for your HARD cock**

**1-800-800  
FUCK**  
3 8 2 5

UNTAMED

KINKY FANTASIES

**Lil' Bitches  
WANTED NOW!**

I wanna hear you  
squirm. I'm going to  
whip you UP in SHAPE!

**1-800-  
400-TINA**  
8 4 6 2

ADULTS 18+ ONLY

Most major credit cards accepted  
\$1.98 to \$3.98 /min. plus a small \$2.98 connection fee



# PENTHOUSE TV

A HIGHER STANDARD FOR Hardcore.

AVAILABLE NOW  
LINEAR / VOD / HD

ORDER NOW ON DISH NETWORK, COMCAST, TIME WARNER CABLE, CHARTER CABLE AND OTHER SYSTEMS.  
CALL YOUR LOCAL CABLE OR SATELLITE PROVIDER AND ASK FOR **PENTHOUSE TV**.